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ART. I.—*The Gentle Shepherd, a Pastoral Comedy; with Illustrations of the Scenery: an Appendix containing Memoirs of David Allan, the Scots Hogarth; besides original and other Poems connected with the Illustrations; and a comprehensive Glossary. To which are prefixed, an authentic Life of Allan Ramsay, and an Inquiry into the Origin of Pastoral Poetry &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. 16 Engravings.* 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* Edinburgh *and* London. 1808.

ALLAN Ramsay is a most pleasing natural poet; and *his* taste must be sadly vitiated by over refinement who cannot *feel* the beauties of the Gentle Shepherd. We have no objection that all who prefer an affected title to a real name should call him, if they like it, "the Scotish Theocritus;" and are ready to admit that he deserves the appellation much better than Master Betty ever did that of the young Roscius. Nevertheless, we do not conceive the scene of his poem to be of quite so much importance as the topography of Troy, nor the poem itself to afford quite so good an apology for a commentary of eight times its magnitude as Heyne might have to offer for his less disproportioned edition of Homer.

We most heartily rejoice that the *provincial* zeal (for now that Great Britain is so closely united together in interest as well as in name, we cannot honour it with the title of a *national* feeling,) we rejoice therefore that the *provincial* zeal so strongly exerted among the literary circles of Edinburgh in favour of every thing *exclusively* Scotish, is not likely to make its way into our English counties. We should otherwise expect every day to see "Tim Bobbin's toy-shop" and "the Exmoor Scolding and Courtship" make their appearance in magnificent hot-pressed quartos, with the best types that Liverpool and Exeter can respectively furnish

and adorned with engravings by the first masters at Lancaster and Taunton.

Some very learned Scotsmen, we hear, profess "a sort of malicious pleasure" in the idea that a certain late publication (which they, of course, consider as possessing every possible degree of excellence) is, as they express it, "a sealed book" to their southern readers, being written in a anguage to which they are foreigners. We are not able clearly to comprehend what sort of *malice* or what sort of *pleasure* is here meant. Certainly neither Homer nor Shakspeare ever felt any bad passion particularly gratified by the reflection that, in some barbarous countries in the world, their works, though destined for universal fame, would neither be understood nor heard of; neither did St. Paul, we imagine, find any cause for exultation in the thought that the divine precepts which he inculcated would be "to the Greeks foolishness." Perhaps these *malicious* gentlemen may never have heard of the works we just now cited; but we do assure them (if there be any cause for rejoicing in such an assurance) that the literati of Lancashire and Somerset have at least an equal cause for "malicious pleasure" in announcing to them that "until they take the trouble thoroughly to familiarize themselves with the ancient and venerable dialects of those counties, they will not be able to understand three lines of either of them."

The work now before us will, we have no doubt, be excessively interesting to all who esteem it a matter of great importance to ascertain every trifling circumstance relating to the "Gentle Shepherd" and its author. But we do not imagine that the world in general can wish for any further information concerning either than that Allan Ramsay was born at a cottage in Lanarkshire in the year 1686, that for the first fifteen years of his life he tended sheep in that country, was sent in 1701 to Edinburgh, and bound apprentice to a wig-maker, and continued in that trade for about twenty years, during which time he married and became the father of a family; that he had a natural genius for poetry, which, however, did not begin to display itself till he was about the age of five and twenty; that this talent, added to a social and merry disposition, brought him gradually into notice; that, finding his publications answer in a pecuniary point of view much better than his trade, he turned bookseller about the year 1721, and lived an inoffensive, good-humoured, scribbling life, diversified only with the common pleasures and mortifications incident to men, booksellers, and poets, to the year 1758; that the first scene of the Gentle Shepherd was published under the title of a pas-

toral dialogue in the year 1718, while its author still paid more attention to the outward appearance than to the inward furniture of his customers' heads; that the second scene appeared, in the same detached form five years after; and that the whole work, as it now stands, was first published in 1725; that the character and descriptions were certainly taken from the inhabitants and scenery of the Pentland hills near Edinburgh, with which the author was particularly conversant, and that there is no doubt but that the poem may be considered as a faithful and admirable painting from nature, as it then and there existed.

We confess that this is all the information we should ever have *required* concerning the author or his performance; and this, or almost the whole of it, may be collected from the author's own works. When we say "this is all we should ever have *required*," we do not mean that we have any objection to be amused by such further communications respecting them as any kind friend may think it worth his while to collect and bestow upon us. But it excites a smile to see so very much importance attached to what is in itself so wholly unimportant, and two octavo volumes appropriated to the investigation of the precise spot chosen for the scene of a Scotish pastoral.

It seems that New-Hall in the parish of Pennecuik, county of Edinburgh, together with the neighbouring farms, had long been pointed out for that spot by tradition, and that sir David Forbes, the proprietor of that place, and the friend and patron of the poet, was supposed to be the prototype of sir William Worthy. The inhabitants of the adjoining parish Glencross, however, animated doubtless by the instigations of the enemy of mankind, the great original liar, Satan, fell, at what time we are not informed, into a most damnable and dangerous heresy, setting up a Baal of their own invention in the person of sir William Purves of Woodhouselee, solicitor general to king Charles the second, who alone (they had the unparalleled impudence to maintain) was typified in the character of the "loyal knight," adding that *his* house was sir William Worthy's house, and *their* parish the scene of the "Gentle Shepherd." It is impossible for us to conjecture to what extremities the deadly feuds which hence originated might have been carried, had not the two octavos now before us been published to put a final termination to the dispute; but it is likely enough that the world might soon have been eye-witnesses to such facts as would have greatly diminished the incredibility of Juvenal's account of the Gombytes and Tentyrites in Upper Egypt.

The writers of the Statistical History of Scotland (with the

most benevolent intentions, no doubt, but with a total want of that firmness which the serious importance of the schism, and the virulence with which both the Glencrossites and the men of Pennecuik appear to have been animated, demanded,) contented themselves with barely mentioning the connection of New-Hall with the pastoral in the 10th volume of their work, to which in the 15th volume, they added an intimation of the pretensions of the Glencrossites, considering them as purely conjectural. This, in more quiet times, might have been all the testimony which good and honest men are required to pay to the truth; but, when we reflect on the nature of the unhappy dissensions which then prevailed, we cannot altogether agree with the author of the volumes before us, who is willing to consider the bare opinion of three respectable gentlemen whose names are prefixed to the statement, as an effectual refutation of every pretension on the part of the Glencross faction. It is evident, at least, that the Glencross-men themselves were too far heated in the dispute to consider it in that light or to relinquish their pretensions in consequence of it. Nor was this great political ferment at all more allayed by the declarations of Mr. Tytler, who, "in his edition of *King James's Poems*, testifies that he (Ramsay) used to recite' to 'the literati' 'at New-Hall, near Pentland Hills,' the 'different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two first, before it was printed.'

If we were to give implicit credit to our present historian in this part of his narrative, we should conclude that, as he himself expresses it, 'the minds of all who were disinterestedly and impartially acquainted with these circumstances being fully satisfied and made up upon this point of national history,' the two states enjoyed an uninterrupted peace for the next four years. But, decidedly orthodox as we are in our own faith, we cannot help remarking that it does not appear to us safe to trust altogether to this author's *facts*, however we may agree with him in all essential matters of *opinion*. Throughout the whole of his work, he shews himself too decidedly a Pennecuik-man, and too violent an abhorrer of the Glencross heresy, to be on all occasions an impartial historian; and we confess it is to us hardly credible that, in the great political effervescence which still remained, so long a period should have passed without the spilling of ink on either side. If, on the other hand, we admit the validity of our author's testimony as to this supposed pacification, the Glencrossites will appear to have observed it with worse than Punic faith, or very much in the way that the zealous advocates for war in our own country wish us to believe that Bonaparte would have acted, had the

endeavours of the late ministry to restore peace to Europe been attended with success. We are credibly informed that, during the whole of this apparent calm, the treacherous heretics did not scruple to use all means of strengthening their infamous faction by pointing out to strangers the house of Woodhouselee and the adjoining valley as the actual scene of Allan Ramsay's pastoral.

At length the veil was removed, and the grand attack, which they had so long and so deeply meditated, was made at once. The astonishment and indignation of the people of Pennecuik and, in general, of all honest men in every country of Europe, can be better conceived than expressed when the unparalleled perfidy of their insidious neighbours was thus made manifest. We cannot relate the melancholy event in more strong and energetic language than that of our author.

'After a lapse of four years, in 1800 was printed in London a bulky edition of Ramsay's works, professing to be the most complete and correct that ever had been published. To this edition is prefixed an 'advertisement,' 'a life of Ramsay,' and 'remarks on his writings,' in which, *to the astonishment* of such as had read the accounts of the parishes of Pennecuik and Glencross, with the appendix to the seventeenth volume of the Statistical History, the *abandoned* and *exploded suppositions* as to a connection betwen the parish of Glencross and sir William Purves and the Gentle Shepherd, are *not only* repeated, but *swelled into assertions*, and *roundly stated as facts*, without pretending to produce any evidence whatever of their truth.'

Did the powers of darkness ever before suggest a deed of such complicated and enormous atrocity? Not only was this impudent assertion conveyed in the most insidious shape, in an edition, (a *bulky* edition, professing to be the most *complete and correct* that ever had existed,) of the very author whom it libelled, but that edition was actually published *at London*, to give it the greater notoriety, and, as it were, to enlist mankind on the side of a most gross and *dangerous* untruth. How justly our author has appreciated the extent of this terrible *mischief*, the *pernicious consequences* of so flagitious a falsehood, our readers shall now see.

After absolving (as we think him in candour bound to do) the weak, though we believe well-intentioned gentlemen who signed the paper in the Statistical History above-mentioned, from any participation in this horrid business, he proceeds to say,

'As, however, this edition is, of any yet published *in appearance*

the most respectable, although, as the following pages will shew, it contains *many errors*; as, among others, those *mistakes* with regard to the scenary of the comedy, in particular, are *extremely imposing*' (mark the subtlety of these knaves!) 'from their containing affirmations, with great *seeming* indifference and confidence, advanced *as if* accidentally, and *as if* there was no room for hesitation or doubt as to their truth; as these allegations are altogether inconsistent with, and contradictory to, the associate declaration in the Statistical account of the parish of Glencross, by persons residing on and near the places referred to; and as but very few have any opportunity of examining the scenes in nature whence Ramsay's pastoral pictures were copied, *justice* and *truth* seemed to require, that the *mischievous effects* of this editor's *blunders* and *misrepresentations* should be prevented. The *pernicious consequences*, too, of the air of truth which they bear, by introducing them into publications of character rendered it the more *indispensably necessary* to check their farther adoption and belief; by exposing the *impropriety* and *faultiness* of these assertions, and by presenting correct *views* of the original scenes to the public, in order to enable such as had no opportunity of seeing them in nature to judge of the exact coincidence between them and Ramsay's imitations.' Introd.

Thus have we unfolded, in as few words as the great public importance of the subject justified, the origin and progress of that deadly controversy which gave birth to the present volumes; and it is with pleasure we add that never has the cause of truth enjoyed a greater triumph than in the complete exposure which they present of the falsehood of the Glencross heretics and of their Baal, Purves. Those children of Satan have now, indeed sustained a most signal overthrow; and henceforth we trust that the woods and rocks of Pennecuik will maintain the uninterrupted possession of the honours which are so undoubtedly due to them.

We now proceed to give a short summary of the contents of these volumes. To the introduction, which contains the history of the transactions, which we have here abridged for the benefit of our readers, succeeds a life of Ramsay, in which we observe with pleasure many marks of the same honest impartiality and love of truth that our author has displayed in the preceding instance. In pp. 7 and 8 we have a very learned and sensible refutation of a most extraordinary opinion which appears to have prevailed with regard to Ramsay's original profession, and which is adopted without hesitation in the infamous edition of his work before mentioned. Our readers will sufficiently estimate the obligations which they are under to this zealous champion of truth, when they learn that the assertion thus contradicted is of no less gross a nature than that Ramsay carried on only the

wig-making branch of his business, and was totally ignorant of the *shaving* art, an assertion, the ignorance of which is only equalled by the malice that gave birth to it. No less than five pages are devoted to the rectification of another mis-statement of equal importance concerning Ramsay's acquaintance with the Pennecuik family. In p. 53, with the same honest boldness, he corrects Swift for a glaring error in geography, an error which, we will venture to say, it is a shame for that learned man to have fallen into.

'You are yet too volatile,' says he, in a letter to Gay, 'and any lady in a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.' But the humourous and humoursome Dean of St. Patrick had forgot, that, besides the whole length of our continent, there were two seas between Great Britain and Japan, so that it was beyond the power of horses or horsemanship to enable the beautiful and accomplished duchess to carry his friend from the one to the other.'

We can hardly decide whether there is more truth or humour in this remark; for we must not neglect to observe, that our author is extremely humourous (or humoursome) when he pleases, as in the following alliterative sentence: 'Ramsay had now rattled his rhymes till he had roused universal attention, and raised himself into a higher station of life,' &c. and again, 'As if the fortunes and fates of Ramsay and Ridicule were the same,' &c. and again, 'Pride is the parent of playfulness, whose sole business is to mortify,' &c. &c. &c.

Our author proves himself a Scotchman by his talent for essay-writing, having introduced from p. 33 to p. 45 of this *Biographical Sketch* an essay on the nature and effects of ridicule, which we wish it had been consistent with our plan to borrow by way of introduction to the present article.

But enough of this portion of the work, in which to speak fairly, we can discover nothing very entertaining or instructive. Next follows 'an Inquiry into the Propriety of the Rules prescribed for pastoral Poetry,' which is full as good as most inquiries of the sort; and at last, about the middle of the first volume, we are introduced to that which appears to have been the principal object of the work, 'Illustrations of the scenary * of the Gentle Shepherds.

The confidence of the author himself in the infallibility of the proofs here presented seems (as is very natural) to have increased with the progress of his undertaking. The fol-

* We see no reason for this new mode of orthography, which is adopted throughout the present work.

lowing sentence in his introduction is almost as remarkable for its modesty as its elegance.

'It is for the public at large, for whose satisfaction they have been collected to determine whether or not, the proofs, *positive*, *intrinsic*, and *collatteral*, now fairly, fully, and finally presented to it, are, or are not, *decisive*, as to the facts upon which these *illustrations* are founded: facts, which give weight, and *general* importance to the subject of these volumes, by attracting the attention of genius,' &c. &c. &c.

But in p. 207, he forgets the assumed gentleness of his former demeanour, and declares, without hesitation, that

'Such a combination of circumstantial, positive, and intrinsic proofs, all co-operative and convergent, *must* be in the highest degree satisfactory to every disinterested and candid mind.'

He does not, however, so implicitly trust to the force of his arguments as to disdain the use of a most powerful auxiliary, the importance of whose services to the cause of truth we must judge him, by the essay above-mentioned, fully able to appreciate. Some unfortunate scribblers of the Glencross faction having had the impudence to build a rustic temple, to the memory of Ramsay near the habitation of the Baal Purves, and to affix upon it a poetical inscription, beginning,

> *Here* midst those scenes that taught thy Doric Muse
> Her sweetest song; the hills, the woods, the stream,
> Where beauteous Peggy strayed, &c. &c.

our author jocosely observes, 'Peggy must have strayed indeed!' if she was found here, on the other side of the Pentland hills; and the houses of Glaud and Simon, and Habbie's How, were at the remote head of Glencross water.'

But we have already, had sufficient opportunities of estimating his talent for ridicule, and shall enlarge no farther upon that head.

As to the 'Illustrations,' themselves, we are informed that the greater part of them were designed for (and, we believe, made their appearance in) the Edinburgh Magazine, for the years 1801, 1802, and 1803; and, to speak with sober seriousness, they seem to have been a very proper object for a work of that description, and to have been executed in a manner perfectly answerable to the original design. The engravings from different scenes on the banks of the North-Esk River, above and below New-Hall-House, have an air of great fidelity, are very picturesque in the subjects, and very happily finished in the workmanship. The accompanying descriptions are calculated to convey a lively, and (we doubt

not) a correct idea of the spots represented; they are pleasingly connected with the scenes in the pastoral which are supposed to refer to them respectively, and, bating a good deal of unnecessary verbiage, are written with some taste and feeling. As a guide to travellers through a most beautiful tract of country, this portion of the work abridged might prove a very acceptable present. We cannot, in justice to the author, do otherwise than select a specimen of the manner in which this part of his task has been performed. We shall take it from his description of 'Mary's Lin and bower.' P. 278.

'In going "farer up the burn," from the washing green, to Habbie's house and how, distant about a quarter of a mile, three objects particularly attract the attention of a passenger. An excavated and perforated rock, called the Hermitage, on the Tweeddale side of the Esk, opposite to the site of the old washing house, on the Lothian side, at the head of the 'howm:' a rustic ornamented hut, on the Lothian brink of the glen: and *Mary's Lin*, on the same side, above it. The remain of the *Bower*, near the Lin, on the top of the bank, westward, is hid among the trees. The Lin, copied after rain, from the south-east, is shewn in the *view*.

'Immediately above the hermitage, is a level glade, with the Esk sweeping round the north side of it, under a lofty wooded skreen down to the perforated rock. In consequence of some of these animals having been seen upon it, it has got the name of the Squirrel's Haugh. By making a turn to the right, in going up the burn, this haugh is concealed in the bosom of the high shade under which the clear and animated current hurries on, except from the opposite remain of the old washing house, at the lower corner of it. The hermitage, or jutting rock of freestone, scooped by the weather, and the rivulet in the course of hollowing its trough, into caves and grottos, advances, with its drapery of birches, heath, crow, and bilberries, deciduous and evergreen, to the verge of the current, and cuts off this flat over against the ruins of the washing house, from the 'howm', below; the stream meets the irregularly-wooded counter bank toward the south behind the hermitage, a little way up in the channel of the stream above; and the whole of its area is only about 70 yards in length, by 40 in breadth, across its centre. A part of its skreen on the north-west, is seen at a distance, in the representation of the washing green.

'Opposite to the head of the 'howm,' is a perpendicular concave front of stone, of a reddish hue, making a part of the sandstone point or hermitage above it. The overflowings of a mineral well, once celebrated in the neighbourhood, trickle down its face, marking its course by a dark brown tint to the rivulet below. This natural wall forms part of the same ruddy layer on which, overlooking the Esk, are proudly situated in succession downwards, Brunstane Castle, Old Woodhouselee, Roslin Castle, and Hawthornden.

North of the glade, under New-Hall House, is a subterraneous passage at the edge of the water, that pierces the bank, leading to different holes and chambers made in following and working out a vein of coal. Since it has been relinquished by the colliers, lest their operations should endanger the house, it has often been taken possession of by the fox, as a convenient kennel, from the surrounding cover, and the nearness of the flocks on the adjacent hills. A little to the west of north, on the summit of the steep, above a clear spring shaded by a reverend and fantastic thorn, are, an old lime-tree, and the ruins of the chapel with its garden behind, formerly mentioned; and, on the west side of the point from whence they look down, filled with wood, and terminating near the mouth of the coal waste, is the western ravine, descending from the lawn with the obelisk upon it, on the south side of a walk between its edge and the garden wall.

'From the Squirrel's Haugh downwards, the channel of the Esk is full of round pebbles, among which it 'trots' playfully along, 'wimpling' through 'hawms,' from side to side, watering the washing green and passing through the Craigy Field to Glaud's Onstead at the head of Monk's Haugh. It is precisely,

'A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel pebbles, shining, smooth, and round.'

'It meanders frequently, from bank to bank; shifts its lively capricious course; and roams about, glittering in the sun, amidst its flowery lawns, without restraint or controul, with the licentiousness of unbounded freedom. The trees have sufficient depth, and range of soil; plenty of nourishment; and grow with luxuriance. All is open, and unconfined, and cheerful; the glen is expanded; and its bold projections, rocks, and recesses, seem to retire, as if to avoid interference, and to leave the merry sparkling stream at liberty and ease to enjoy the pleasures of its excursions.

'Upwards from this sequestered flat, the glen assumes another character. Only a path is left at the bottom of the southern precipice, leading up, along the edge of the water, to 'Habbie's How,' and, previously, branching off below it, to his cottage near at hand on an eminence. The high confining banks, are in general, stern, and rocky, and threatening; in some places, almost perpendicular above the path. On this side, the precipice is chiefly composed of horizontal strata of limestone abruptly cut down with their edges of irregular breadths, rough, and broken, appearing, and sometimes projecting to a considerable distance, amidst the feathering foliage, and flowers of shrubs and copse-wood. The warmth of these inrichments is increased by the ruddy tints of the limestone rock, which is of a yellowish red. Here, the trees often stick out constrainedly, and horizontally assume uneasy and dangerous attitudes, in search of openings, through which to shoot upwards with freedom; and their roots appear frequently unprotected, adventurously reaching from chink to chink over the naked rocks, forced, for a while, from their element, and from home by the cravings of want, to risk their lives in quest of scanty pittance of food and moisture. The ivy labours

up the steep, settling in bunches at every resting place, as if unwilling to proceed; and the woodbine, protruded from rocks, roots, and branches, by the weight of its rich and elegant flowers, missing its aim, recoiling, collects upon itself, clusters over head, and floats toughly in the air in spite of every blast that rushes, with compressed fury down the glen.

'Birch is the prevailing wood; but on the north side of the stream where the acclivity is least steep and rugged, there are several oaks. There, the lime rock, in one instance, puts on the appearance of chalk; and though mellowed by the shade of some branchy elms, pushing themselves horizontally from the incumbent soil, and mantled with ivy, it surprises by its novelty, and whiteness. At this place mid-way between the Squirrel's Haugh, and Mary's Lin, to the west, looking down on a broad excavation of the bank, the back front of the rustic hut appears prominent on the bulging rock, with the other open face of it to the lawn between, and the hills, on the most elevated part of which is the obelisk.

'The stream closely hemmed in above the Squirrel's Haugh, is a continued succession of little cascades, struggling for ease and room, over limestone rocks perpetually thwarting its progress. It is farther incessantly teazed and stopt by points, fragments, and heaps. It seems to make up for delays, by bustle and speed, when opportunities offer. It brawls and justles, and leaps, and hurries eagerly and discontentedly on, murmuring, foaming, and raging at the numberless crosses it meets with, as if in the expectation of attaining quiet, and liberty, and pleasure in the plains below.

'The warm colouring of the rocks here, is more agreeable to the eye, than the hoary hues of the Craigy Bield and Harbour Craig; both which are of a blueish grey, and are only recommended by their colder effects in the neighbourhood of these other lapideous stratas from the pleasure of variety. The Craigy Bield, and the Harbour Craig, ought to be viewed under the ruddy glittering splendour of the morning sun. This spot should be reserved for the mellow glow of the evening, when a deep shade covers the north-west bank, and, favoured by a turn in the glen, and a hollow to the west, *between and Habbie's House*, a blaze of light marking every inequality, is thrown upon the precipice and the pinewood above it; when all else is dark, except when the rays of the retiring sun gleam through the tuftings of the opposite trees, or dart across the shade from the window of the rustic hut, which is open to the front, and show the inside of its roof lined with light, and reflecting his beams from below.

Farther up, the bottom of the glen widens into a small circular green, with a knoll upon it, looking north-westward, over the Esk, to a stream that falls down a deep woody chasm in the limestone rocks in broken and irregular stages under the name of *Mary's Lin*, as it is represented in the *view*, from the under-edge of the knoll. The stand is in the shire of Peebles; and the Lin in that of Edinburgh. The highest part of this waterfall can only be seen from the wooden bridge appearing in the plate; or from the summit of the

opposite bank of the Esk, immediately behind the station from whence it is shown.

'To the left, about twenty yards south-westward, at the extremity of a turn in the bank, rendered bolder in consequence of its sinking, and flattening, *between and Habbie's house*, is a round turf seat, once sheltered and decorated by an arbour. It is called *Mary's Bower*. It gave the name, it yet retains, of Mary's Bower Quarry to that part of the limestone rock, a short distance behind it, which is wrought for burning.

'The traditional history of Mary's Bower is as follows.'

We must not, however, extend this article, already too long, by retailing it; nor indeed do we think it worth preserving, though the author has given it us twice over in the present volumes, both in prose and in rhyme, any more than another story, p. 352, about a young lady and Dr. Hutton, which is the silliest we ever heard told. Our readers will find, in the long passage which we have now selected, a good deal of pleasant natural description, though not a little mingled with the author's prevailing faults of affectation and prolixity. The art with which he has swelled these simple observations into two octavos is still further apparent from the long catalogues of plants and animals, which he has thought fit to anex to each separate illustration, as if he had been a botanical traveller describing some new discovered island in the South Sea. Of his affectation, we will give but one more instance too gross to pass unnoticed, and then take our leave of this part of his labours.

'Whilst volunteering was in its vigour, before the late ever-to-be lamented death of that able, eloquent, and virtuous minister, Mr. Pitt, this green was used by the young men of the neighbourhood, as their Campus Martius, under a serjeant, to learn the manual exercise, that they might be enabled to assist their brethren in arms, in defending our beloved and glorious constitution, from the threatened attacks of envy and ambition,' &c. &c. p. 398.

'Bating this disagreeable fault, the style is in general tolerably correct, though disfigured by a few provincialisms. One mode of expression, in particular, is adopted by the author, so frequently as to make us almost imagine that he proposes to introduce it into general usage. It occurs once or twice in the passage we have quoted. But, in p. 366, it follows three times in as many successive sentences. 'North from these, between and the hills.' 'North corner of the mansion, between and the offices.'—'Beyond to the west, betwixt and the other ravine.'

Some unfortunate man, who has written a pastoral come-

dy professedly in imitation of Ramsay, falls frequently under the lash of this unrelenting censor, who has dealt with him in so unmerciful, and (as far as we can perceive) in so unprovoked a manner as totally to remove all the compunction which we might otherwise have felt from the idea of having treated the critic himself with too much spleen on our sides. Quite the reverse of following that much abused precept, 'Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,' it is our wish to catch hold of every circumstance that can justify, or even excuse a favourable judgment; but this inclination is greatly diminished towards those who have taken upon themselves, without being called upon, to judge, and to judge with severity of others.

The 'Illustrations,' extending beyond the termination of the first, occupy about a hundred pages of the second volume. Then follows the comedy itself, which has been the innocent occasion of all this unnecessary fuss; and this takes up a hundred pages more. We are then presented with 'Memoirs of David Allan,' affectedly stiled, 'the Scots Hogarth,' equally barren of incident and of reflection; with a selection from the poems of Dr. Alexander Pennecuik, first published in 1715, some parts of which are really too good for the company in which they are at present found; with a farther selection from Allan Ramsay himself; with a 'poem by the Rev. Mr. Bradfute from the 17th vol. of the Statistical History, entitled A Morning Walk at New-Hali;' with a few 'original poems,' which only serve to cure us of the supposition which we had begun to entertain, that the author of the illustrations might possibly write verse better than prose; with a few more verses by one James Forrest the son of a Lothian labourer, which are only remarkable considering the situation of the writer; and lastly with a very full and complete glossary, kindly intended for the 'southron folk,' as a key to those treasures which some gentlemen tell us they feel 'a malicious pleasure' in keeping to themselves. For our own parts, though we are always ready to acknowledge the good nature which lends us such a key, we have never felt disposed to cry at the *manger philosophy* which would withhold it.

ART. II.—*Anthropologia: or, Dissertations on the Form and Colour of Man; with incidental Remarks. By J. Jarrold, M.D. Member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester.* 4to. Cadell *and* Davies. 1808.

DR. Jarrold is the author of some 'Dissertations on Man,

which we noticed with considerable satisfaction in our Review for January, 1807. In his present work he rises in our estimation as an author who has read much, and reflected more; whose remarks are acute, and whose heart seems imbued with a degree of devotional feeling which adds greatly to the interest of his work.

In the first part of his work Dr. Jarrold controverts the theory of some writers that there is a regular connected gradation in the scale of being from men to brutes, from brutes to plants, and from plants to the products of inorganized matter; that between each of these different classes of beings, there is some connecting point where the superior is dissolved as it were into the inferior. Thus this theory would teach us to believe that there is some point where the brute creation approaches to an identity with the human; and those who have been most willing to degrade the natural dignity of the African, have asserted that this point of connection is between the negro and some of the larger species of monkey.

'Taking a glance of nature,' says Dr. Jarrold, 'we are struck with the idea that a vegetable is superior to a stone, that an animal is more complete than a vegetable, and that man is the head of this part of creation. But this view points to no chain; it shows no relation but the reverse.'—'Each kingdom of nature forms part of the whole, but not of the nature of a chain. There is no passage of transmutation between the kingdoms; no transmutation of metals into vegetables, no vegetable that assumes the nature of an animal, no animal that ever became a centaur or a sphinx, or a mermaid. That many parts of the economy of plants, and animals bear a resemblance may be explained without involving the principles of their existence; the motion of the sensitive plants for instance has been said to be properly vegetative and is common, though in a less degree, in every individual of that vast kingdom. The trembling of dissected flesh is not a proof of life, but a specific effect of matter on matter causing operations or the reverse; as cold or heat are specific influences, and give motion to certain bodies.'—'I submit it to the judgment of the reader whether the gradations can establish a theory important or even interesting in its consequences; if he can not, the negro is set free from his most galling chain, the chain that was thought to connect him with the brute.

'This theory of gradation has something in it so mean, so unworthy of infinite power, that it cannot be contemplated with pleasure even by man. This confusion of being, this want of completeness, this continual progress towards something that is better, in place of producing order confounds. It robs every part of the creation of God of the hope of immortality, or it gives it to the whole. Man has no prerogative, no privilege, no honor; he is only a little more rational than an elephant, a little more agreeable in his per-

southan an ouran-outang, a little more loquacious than a parrot. To deprive such near associates, such competitors for excellency of immortality which man claims it for himself, is either to injure them or to declare that the space between them and us, is so wide, that no link can reach it; it is to declare that there is no scale of gradation. Bring the links as near as you can, deduct from the one and add to the other, if the parts do not embrace, there can be no chain.—To this point then I would draw the attention of the reader as the natural and necessary result of gradation. A gradation not only in the person and the economy, but in the faculties of man and animals as the friends of the system expressly declare. Can such a system exist and a line be drawn to determine at what point the promise of immortality stops? Does it stop at the verge of Europe or America? No, Asia was the cradle of the human race, the birth-place of man. Nor can we stop here, for Ethiopia shall stretch forth her hands and the truth shall make her free. Here we make our stand and embrace as brethren; embrace as those who have a promise full of immortality. But the gradationist, hateful, disgustingly hateful to relate, has no point where to stop. If he allows that any thing is immortal, it is not because there is any thing peculiar in him; any thing exclusively his own; what he possesses in that system begins with the European, and goes progressively down to brutes, vegetables, and stones. If it does not stop at the first point, does it at the second? Does it stop after it has passed through the different species of men, and some of the higher orders of animals as they are called? It is impossible to say where it stops. A chain has no division, no resting place. Happily the theory of gradation thus refutes itself: it is a mere rope of sand, the work of an exuberant fancy.'

In the diversified existences, the inorganized, the vegetable, the animal, and the rational, we may discern, as we view them either in an ascending or descending scale, numerous resemblances, which seem at first sight to indicate the possession of a common nature. But resemblances, however numerous or striking they may seem, do not constitute identity. The polypus may make a very close approximation to a plant, or present various affinities, but still the animal life of the one and the vegetable of the other must cause an essential and permanent difference between them. There is no connection of identity, such as is requisite to establish the theory of the gradationists. Whatever may be the resemblances between the negro and the ouran-outang, yet the possession of reason which belongs to the one and not to the other, constitutes an essential difference; and forms an impassable line of separation between the man and the baboon. For if reason differs from instinct not in degree but in kind, or if what Bacon would call their *forms*, be essentially diverse, so that no addition of quantity can raise the

inferior quality to a level with the superior, then the possession of the intellectual faculty makes an impassable barrier between man and the other animals. What then becomes of the gradation?

'Reason is the glory that encircles man; he may dim its lustre, or add to its brightness; but instinct is without glory, it receives not honour, nor suffers shame. Reason presents the human race at the footstool of their Maker to adore and worship him; it is man's highest, his greatest honour; but instinct grovels in the dust, it soars no higher than the wants of the body; it is a provision to preserve life.'—'I wish not to pass by, or to detract from the endowments of animals. I would not rob them of the smallest gift to place it on the head of man, the human race would be degraded by their highest endowments. I allow all that is asked for them—memory, contrivance, foresight; and I allow that instinct admits of improvement by the use of these endowments. Where then, it may be asked, is the distinction, where the separating wall between intinct and reason? It is here; it is in the object on which the capacity given can be employed. The mole that digs a hole to hide itself, discharges the highest duties of its nature, and displays the utmost sagacity of instinct: but man erects an altar to his God.'

Instinct is perfect on its first communication, and length of possession or largeness of use are not connected with the improvement. The beavers make the same house, and the bee the same shaped cells as beavers and bees did two thousand years ago. Neither in the individual nor in the species has any additional excellence been obtained by the lapse of ages. The instinctive faculties probably remain in the same state of perfection as they were at the beginning of the world. Knowledge is not progressive among brutes. One generation is not made wiser nor better by the defects nor the excellence of the preceding. But reason in its incipient state is so imperfect as in many instances hardly to afford any evidence of its existence: but by culture it may be improved to a degree which is previously incredible. Instinct is a mere stationary quality, but reason is perpetually either retrograde or progressive. Reason is improved in proportion to its exercise: but instinct may be indefinitely exercised without ever being improved. The habits and the instinct of animals may in some measure be altered (ought we not to say *vitiated*?) by domestication with man; but as we cause them to recede farther from their original instincts, they do not become in reality more intellectual than before.

'A dog guards and defends a flock of sheep, not by instinct, not

by its own will, but because it has been taught so to do; left to itself it would destroy them. A dog has been known to howl at the striking of a church clock; the animal was terrified. I have seen a mastiff tremble, and almost fall to the ground at a clap of thunder. A dog at Edinburgh, Mr. Smellie informs us, begged a penny of its master every day to buy a mutton pie. Another dog regularly rang the house-bell when it wanted admittance. A thousand such anecdotes might be selected, but to what do they amount? Is not every trick the effect of fear, the consequence of discipline? Even the fawning of a dog is in proportion to its domestication, in proportion as its spirit is broken and subdued. Let a dog be made to dread the whip, and it is delighted when it meets its master without one, but cringes if it be produced. The spirit of a bull-dog is less broken than that of a spaniel, therefore it fawns less.'—'There is another fact equally decisive of the capacity of animals. It is this—the equality of the capacity they possess. The elephant, that half-reasoning creature as it has been called, that animal, which according to Pliny and others, pays acts of adoration and worship to the sun, has in fact no faculty which a worm or a caterpillar does not possess in equal measure.'—'A fox, we say is cunning, but this it exemplifies only when in danger; it is not more cunning than other animals, if not more hunted. Read those partial and exaggerated accounts of the elephant, which are related in books, and even these are equalled by the caterpillar, so similar are their capacities. Let a shrub be shaken on which a nest of them have been hatched, and suppose a thousand fall to the ground, not one will crawl away, but with one consent they turn upwards towards the tree from where they fell, and with all possible dispatch ascend the stem. Other species of caterpillars, after living separate, display great sagacity in assembling together, and spinning a net to contain their whole number, and in observing a kind of military order, by following a leader when they go out in search of food, which having obtained, they return in the same order, by the same track, having in their journey spun a thread through the whole course by which they are guided. Reduce the elephant to the size, and place it in the circumstances of the caterpillar, and can it be imagined that with all its boasted attainments it would display greater sagacity? An elephant rejects a poisonous plant, so does a caterpillar. An elephant is domesticated, it knows its keeper, and in some measure imitates him; but a caterpillar is not domesticated.'

'Man is endowed with a principle which holds instinct in subjection, and soars above it, or renders it subservient to his will; it asks not for such aid, except in infancy. This principle is the faculty of reason. Were instinct and reason essentially the same, differing only in degree, had they any thing common in their natures, animals might improve, having an example before them in man. But mark the true character of instinct; under circumstances the most advantageous, it makes not a single advance be-

yond its own limited range, while man goes on in intellectual attainments; that *ray* of pure intelligence which dwells within him *presses* him forward, and opens to his view unbounded prospects. He thirsts for knowledge, and as he attains it, his thirst increases.'

In sect. 8, Dr. Jarrold treats of the origin of bone, in which he pleads for a more liberal use of salt than our observation or experience would permit us to recommend. We agree with Dr. Darwin that the common use of salt is injurious to health. But Dr. Jarrold thinks that salt is one of the elementary parts of bone, and that in the food which we take we should select what is fitted to produce bone as well as flesh. But will not the nutriment which produces flesh always support the growth and supply the waste of the bones? The bones indeed are subject to disease like other parts, but the disease, as the *mollities ossium* for instance, does not seem owing to the quality of the food so much as to some organic or accidental defect of the secerning powers. The matter of bone as well as the matter of flesh is secreted from the blood. The elementary parts of the one as well as the other are derived from the same common source: but the power of extracting the matter of bone, or the chemical and mechanical agency of the vessels which perform the ossifying process, may be defective without any defect in the system of the elementary principles of bone. As far as salt is one of the elementary principles of bone, there seems no occasion to recommend a liberal use of salt in its native state in order to obtain it. For there is a natural tendency in the system either to form salt by an unknown process, or to extract it from the aliment which we take whatever it may be. Most of the secretions, as the saliva, the urine, and the tears, contain a large infusion of salt; and where a larger proportion has been mingled with the food, the common effect is to produce that acrimony in the secretions which causes scurvy, and which is immediately relieved by a mild vegetable diet.

Dr. J. says, that 'animal food is more nutritious than vegetable, and contains more of the elementary parts of bone than vegetable;' but this does not seem true, for the elephant, the horse, the ox, and the stag, which are animals of the largest bone, subsist entirely on vegetable food: and among our own species, the largest boned men may be found among those who live almost entirely on farinaceous substances, as the lower orders of the Scotch and Irish. But Dr. J. seems to think that those people who live principally on vegetable food render that food as nutritious as the diet of the rich by using a larger quantity of salt. Those who are acquainted with the culinary processes in a rich

man's kitchen, will not, we believe, assert that his day-labourer consumes more salt in a meal than he. Indeed, Dr. J.'s predilection for salt has led him to consider the desire as 'the expression of a natural want.' P. 81.

'If,' says Dr. J. 'the countenances of the poor are less interesting their limbs are better shaped, they are less frequently distorted than those of their less opulent neighbours.' This greater symmetry and less deformity of the limbs, the Doctor evidently refers to the more plentiful mixture of salt in the aliment of the poor than of the rich.

'There are instances,' says Dr. J. 'of many children being subsisted entirely on milk, or milk and bread, till they arrived at their third or fourth year, but such children are not healthy; in several instances the teeth have decayed and fallen out, occasioned doubtless by a deficiency of osseous matter in the system; other children become crooked, and all are delicate and feeble. By changing the diet health and vigour have been imparted. Milk will subsist the flesh, but it will not subsist the bone.'

Those children who have been brought up on bread and milk, that have come under our inspection, have certainly been more remarkable for health and strength than for debility or disease. In parts of Lancashire, where animal food was a few years ago very little used, and fermented liquors hardly known, milk in some of its modifications of whey, butter-milk, or cheese-curd, constituted the principal ingredient in the food of the inhabitants, and never was there a hardier nor a healthier race: neither deficient in muscle nor in bone.

With respect to children, they seem to have an instinctive propensity rather for sugar than for salt, and thus of that milk which nature intended for the primary food of infants, the predominant taste is rather saccharine than saline.

In his 13th section Dr. J. has some very excellent remarks on physiognomy, in which he combats the principles of Lavater. Lavater considers the characteristic marks of genius or imbecility to reside essentially in the bodily conformation; the skull especially, which includes the forehead, he deems an unerring guide.

'I dissent,' says Dr. J. 'from such opinions, because the figure of the head is determined before the character is formed: the one does not keep pace with the other; and when once formed it admits of no variation. The character fluctuates; at one period it has the mildness and the gentleness of contentment, the calmness and serenity of patience, at another all is perturbation, fretfulness, anger, and moroseness.'

Lavater considers 'the peculiar delineation of the outlines and position of the forehead to be the most important of all things presented to physiognomical observation:' but the forehead is only a hard and unyielding substance, which of itself is no index of the mind. But though we do not believe that the interior of the mind can be traced from the form of the forehead, of the nose, of the mouth, the chin, or any particular feature, yet we think that there is an *external expression of the countenance* which shews, like a clear mirror, the internal state of the mind and heart.

'Every human countenance,' says Dr. J. 'is capable of expressing every passion and every sentiment; let us endeavour to exemplify it. Among the circle of our friends, but especially in our own families, we are all physiognomists. Who is there that does not as carefully attend to the expression of the face as to the words of his acquaintance? Who is there that cannot distinguish between the lowering of the countenance from a ruffled temper, and the sadness which is expressive of a dejected mind? Or that cannot distinguish the expression of sorrow for the loss of property from that which arises from the death of a friend? and so of every other sentiment or passion. Through the whole tide of life not a single ebb or flow passes unobserved by those who are our familiars; they know without the use of words at what time we are sad, and when we rejoice. What is thus manifest to our friends, a more general observer discovers in those with whom he is not so well acquainted; he discovers it even in a stranger; and his rule of judging is not the particular shape, but the expression of the face; he acquires a knowledge of extreme characters; he learns to distinguish a philosopher from a fool—the man whose heart is black with malignancy from him whose heart overflows with benevolence. It is easy thus to distinguish characters remotely opposite; their expressions impress the mind, after which the application is easy.'

The following remarks discover much acuteness of observation:

'If on a countenance there be no expression of a decided character, no strong traces of virtue or vice, no evident marks of strength of intellect or vacuity, the character of the person is mixed and tarnished; no dependance can be placed upon it; he is now the friend of virtue, charmed with its beauty, and satisfied with a conscious dignity in its practice—then stung with remorse and disgusted with himself and with the world; one day the secret adviser of mean and unworthy actions, or the slave of base and unhallowed passions, the next eager of knowledge and thirsting after virtue, now furious with anger, or sullen with contempt—then softened with feminine tenderness. Such characters compose the bulk of mankind; and if no strong expressions of sentiment are marked on the countenance, such

is the individual. Without strength of character there is no strength of expression; if the muscles are not habitually associated by one prevailing disposition the expression cannot be decisive; it is not free from ambiguity; and ambiguity of expression is versatility in character. The predominant sentiments of the mind and the feelings of the heart may perhaps be traced, yet they are so mixed, so confounded with the expression of other sentiments, other feelings, that they do not excite attention; they neither delight nor disgust; such persons are of the multitude.'

That the character is determined less by the features than by the expression of the countenance, we may learn from this circumstance, that in an assemblage of persons of similar habits and dispositions, as of misers, drunkards, voluptuaries, though the features, the form of face, the forehead, nose, mouth, and chin, of all might be different, there would still be a characteristic expression of countenance in all the individuals of the same class:

'If,' says Dr. J. 'every passion, when felt, discovers itself on the face by an expression proper to itself; if every sentiment, every step in knowledge, is capable of the same, then it is not in the natural configuration of the person that we are to search for the rank an individual or a nation holds in the scale of being.'

'Of the eye,' Dr. J. remarks, that 'it is made capable of expressing the gentle, soft, and grateful feelings much more powerfully than their opposites; joy and gladness, sympathy and kindness —the mother's fondness, the lover's ardour, are its proper objects of expression; but the depressing passions it cannot speak: tears are equivocal, they may be of joy or grief, or of corporal pain; besides tears do not arise in the eye, but at a distance from it; they pass over and bedew it, but it is not their source; a tear rolling down the cheek speaks as forcibly as on the eye; it is the tear and not the source which excites attention. The countenance of a blind man is capable of expressing the passion of revenge, of lust, of anger, and of grief— but it is not capable of expressing the passion of love, nor can it be felt by such an one in its full force. A sculptor cannot pourtray this passion; his art goes no farther than a stupid placidity of countenance, or that lengthening of the muscles of the face, that baboon cast of the countenance, as Lavater properly calls it, so characteristic of lust. The living eye best expresses the virtuous passion. Lavater considered the eye as the least expressive of all the features; and so in fact it is of the more boisterous and violent passions; but those which swell the breast with pleasure speak through the eye a language so forcible that it cannot be misunderstood.'

In section 15, Dr. J. very ably vindicates the dignity of an African nose as suited to an African face:

'When a feature,' says he, 'is an object of attention, it should be considered as part of a whole, and not by itself. The negro nose is becoming and proper, in its relation to the other features of a negro face; it harmonizes with them, which is a test of its suitableness. A large aquiline nose, projecting from between the high cheek bones of that people, or a delicate Grecian nose, sunk almost below them, would excite laughter: such a want of proportion would destroy the man, and produce a caricature. We must then assign to the African face the African nose, as that alone would become it.'

On this and on other occasions, Dr. J. embraces every opportunity to assert the claim of the African to as high a rank in the scale of being as the European. In this work, therefore, those persons who grounded their defence of the slave trade on the assumption that the negros were only an inferior order of beings, and a sort of connecting link between man and brutes, will find their sophisms ably refuted and the illusions of their theory exposed.

We were struck with the justness of the following remarks:

'A sour temper, a weak judgment, a corrupt heart, or the opposite of these have a strong influence on that part of the face (the nose) of which we are speaking. No vicious passion improves the countenance; a fact which ought ever to be kept in mind by those who desire to appear agreeable to others. Lust draws the nose and the muscles of the cheek towards the mouth, and occasions what Lavater properly calls, the baboon nose; this effect, however is most evident on the face of men—but the expression is not less, though not precisely of the same nature in females. Those who have known a girl, once lovely, once the joy and consolation of her parents, and the delight of her friends—betrayed, abandoned, and renouncing her name, her family, and her character—one who once tasted of happiness as it flowed in a smooth transparent stream close by the path of virtue, now drinking greedily at an impure fountain—those who saw her when innocent have been struck with the change in her person now that she is no longer so. The nose, in fact every feature witnesses against her. Drunkenness is another vice which has influence on this part of the countenance. By it the nose is swelled and inflamed. We know a drunkard by this circumstance; he writes his own character, and bids the world read it.'

The following observations on the appearance of a woman in a state of pregnancy, evince a discriminating and a benevolent mind:

'Pregnancy is another state which materially deranges the order and harmony of the countenance. Females are sometimes surprized

and mortified at the change they notice in themselves; their beauty seems leaving them. Were any other instances necessary to prove that expression is far more powerful than beauty, I would cite that before us—have females lost in complexion and in sprightliness? They have gained in influence: no one sees the countenance of such an one but he is interested; it is a period when protection is peculiarly requisite, and nature has not forgotten to call forth the disposition.'

In p. 157, and sect. 16, we cannot assent to the opinion of Dr. J. that our ancestors were better and stronger than we are; and that their descendants have degenerated in size in proportion to the progress of civilization. At this rate, the earth would in process of time be covered with a race of pigmies. But what is more remarkable Dr. J. seems to attribute this gradual deterioration or rather diminution of the species to the general use of wheaten bread;

'Which,' he says, 'though more nutritious than oaten, contains less of the rudiments of bone, or of that substance on which the size of the body depends. The Romans did not use wheat bread till about three hundred years before the birth of Jesus Christ, since that period it has made a slow but gradual progress through the different provinces of that vast empire. Towards the north it has long combated and still continues to combat much opposition; but when it once prevails the oat cake at no after period is introduced; the triumph of the wheaten loaf once atchieved, it is at all future periods secure, no instance having occurred of the oat cake superseding it. Hitherto the wheaten loaf has not penetrated through Yorkshire; but already the struggle is unequal; and at no great distance of time wheat bread, it is probable, will alone be used, and the oat cake be abandoned, as it has been in the southern parts of the kingdom; but as yet the men are raw-boned and tall, especially those who live towards the borders of Lancashire. In the highlands of Scotland, wheat bread is scarcely known, and in what part of the globe are the inhabitants stouter? On the contrary, in the metropolis of the kingdom and in the country that surrounds it, wheat bread alone is used, and the people are much less in stature than those of the Highlands or the borders of Lancashire.'

We do not believe that the average strength or stature of the inhabitants of Great Britain is less than it was four hundred years ago, when the country was overrun with barbarism, compared with the present high state of civilization. Since that time indeed great improvements have been made in machinery: and many species of labour are now performed by artificial means which were formerly executed by the hand of man. Hence there may seem an

inaptness in modern times for some species of muscular exertion which were formerly more universally practised. But we are not hence to infer any declension of actual strength. The capacity of acquiring any habit of muscular action is as great as it was then; as well as the consequent capacity for enduring labour and fatigue. All the muscles are strengthened by use, and those become most strong, which are exerted most, as we see in the arms of blacksmiths, the thighs of post-boys, and the backs of porters. Our ancestors could indeed bear armour under the weight of which their posterity would sink; but an Englishman of the nineteenth century would bear a coat of mail, with as much facility as his ancestors in the thirteenth, if the practice were begun as early and continued as long.—The latent capacity is the same, it wants only to be exercised. We believe indeed that the London draymen, who eat wheaten bread and live in the midst of a luxurious capital, are not inferior in muscle and in bone to any of the Scots who feed on oat cake, and are exposed to the rudest winds on the bleakest mountains, or even to any of the massive forms that were the admiration or the terror of the age of chivalry. That the general stature of the inhabitants of this country is not less now than it was some centuries ago, and that it is not, as Dr. J. says, gradually increasing in proportion to the progress of civilization, we are convinced from various admeasurements which we made several years ago in the bone-house at Stratford upon Avon, which we believe has since been built up. We found these bones on an average not to exceed the length of the bones of our contemporaries. If we may reason from the general complaints of poets, philosophers, and moralists, in all times, from the age of Homer to that of Dr. Jarrold, there has been a general propensity to depreciate the present, and to magnify the past; and to complain of the gradual deterioration of the human race, both in body and in mind.—We are not fond of indulging such gloomy thoughts, which tend to depress hope and to relax exertion. We think with Bacon, that the past ought rather to be called the infancy than the antiquity of the world; and that man is far from having reached the acme of moral, of intellectual, or physical improvement.

In sect. 17, on the jaw bone, we meet with a number of acute and judicious observations. Among them we notice the following:

'The muscles give to the jaw its form; nature designed them to be thrown into frequent action by the part assigned them; by them the milk is drawn from the breast and passed through the mouth,

When this pleasure is denied the child, a want of personal beauty is the consequence. As the child grows up the defect may be overcome; but while infancy remains, I defy the mere nurse to present so lovely a babe as one who is a mother and acts a mother's part. Such a child may be in health, but it does not present a lovely countenance; not a feature is beautiful. But, independently of the ill effects such conduct produces on the person of the child, another powerful objection attends this practice, it is cruel. The circle of a child's enjoyments are extremely limited; what does it know or care for, but its mother? It possesses every faculty, but on what are they exercised? the strongest perhaps is that of taste; but it is milk only that is grateful; it sees, but no object is distinct and none interesting except its mother. Its tiney hands embrace no object with pleasure but the breast. To rob the child of these sources of pleasure is to make the world a void. Why do so many die? it may be as much because they are made unhappy as because their food is unpleasant. I pity the child who is treated with such great though unintended cruelty. It is not strange in such a case, if the muscles of the face never being called into their destined action, do not produce a well-shaped jaw-bone.'

There is a great deal of truth, of force, of real and discriminating benevolence in the following observations. The author is speaking of illegitimate children.

'They are their mother's shame; she feels them as such: and, this feeling is in some instances, at the moment of the child's existence, the cause of its destruction. But if it be once placed to her breast, passion flows with her milk and the infant is secure from injury; she can bear the shame, she can endure reproach, she can suffer want—but she cannot wish her child were dead; much less can she be its murderer. I have always pitied the mother who suffered death for the murder of her infant; she sought to conceal her shame; and she was not checked by natural affection, for it was not yet in existence; it is unlike in its nature to every other kind of murder.'

In the sections on the air, its colour, influence, &c.&c. we find many ingenious and interesting observations; some of which the general reader will not perhaps like the worse for being seasoned with a spice of paradox. In these sections Dr. J. continues very ably to defend the dignity of human nature as it appears in the complexion, &c. of the negros. In speaking of complexions the Doctor seems to give the jet black of the African the preference to the lily white of more northern latitudes. It may be asked, says he,

'Which is the most desirable colour? which the most conducive to health? Each has its admirers, as to appearance; but which on

the whole is most desirable as a complexion? Black is the most permanent, the child of negro parents may traverse from the equator to the pole unhurt, unaltered; but the child of English parents cannot accompany him without a loss of complexion and of health. From this slight view of the subject the negro complexion appears the most desirable.'

'In the pride and vanity of our hearts,' says Dr. J. 'we have cherished the notion that the complexion of an African is much less to be esteemed than our own. Blackness we think is incompatible with beauty; and hence we arrogate a superiority over those of our brethren who are of that colour. But we betray our ignorance; we are unacquainted with the benefits derived from the complexion of the African; we have never weighed its utility against its appearance; and although health is essentially connected with the subject, yet that has not brought it into notice; we are under the influence of prejudice, and judge from its dictates when we speak of the colour of the slave.'

'Can the African endure the region in which he was born; can he enjoy the climate of his native soil? Yes; it is salubrious and balmy to him, but it is not so to others: an European inhales from it pestilence and death. There is some natural cause for this difference: and that cause, I scruple not to say, is indicated in the complexion; a certain state of the juices of the body being ever connected with a certain state of the skin. The assertion is bold and may disgust and offend, but I advance it without fear of refutation that the perfection of the human colour is the negro blackness; it is the most complete, the most permanent, and the most useful, and therefore is the most perfect. The negro can bear the hottest or the coldest regions: he can sustain the vertical blaze of the meridian sun: he can traverse the arctic circle unannoyed; he resists every vicissitude; but it is not thus with any other people. An European shrinks even at a change of seasons; what he calls the fervid heat of summer or the chilling blasts of winter, are to him objects of apprehension and dread; but they are not so to a negro. Has an European determined to leave his native country in quest of honour or wealth, his mind is filled with alarm for his personal safety; disease in a thousand forms presents itself to his view: to guard against which, his dress, his conveyance, his mode of life, even to the minutest particular, are all directed by experienced persons; he dares not trust himself to the direction of his own understanding, so imminent is the risque to which his life is exposed; a risque so imminent, that, with all the precaution which is taken, a very small proportion of those who exchange England for India, ever see her shores again; and those who are gratified with the sight, often feel the pressure of an incurable malady. And does not this imply an imperfection unknown to the African?'

'Our being so limited in our capacity to bear vicissitudes of cli-

mate, is not proper to men, it is a defect which requires a remedy. The birth place and inheritance of man is the world; it is a gift which was presented to him by his maker; and can he not possess it? Must he be confined to a narrow spot, and not traverse his domain, not know the extent of his blessing? The world presents but one family; the members of which have wants that must be reciprocally supplied; and can there be no intercourse but at the expence of life? These wants were planted in our natures that we should assist and know each other; and must they only be felt? must a narrow circle be drawn round man, beyond the verge of which he has duties to perform and is prohibited? This would be to inflict a punishment. The nature, the character and the rank of man imply his power to exist in the full and equal exercise of his faculties in every region; for were the atmosphere to occasion his degeneracy, he might lose his authority over the brutes; and even sink beneath them.'

Our present incapacity to endure changes of climate Dr. J. seems to ascribe to a defect of hardihood produced by the abuse of civilization; and this abuse he makes to consist in not suffering a larger surface of the body to be exposed to the free action of the air. We do not believe that Dr. J. would recommend a state of total nudity; but still at p. 218 he says that,

'Whatever may be the present opinion, a sense of decency was, I believe, the origin in most nations of the wearing of apparel; it was not a matter of necessity.'

Some of our modern females seem endeavouring to prove how well they can get the better of this sense of decency; for though they are still partially clothed, yet the thin and tight drapery which they wear leaves the surface which is covered as visible as that which neither lace nor muslin are employed to veil. Dr. J. seems to think that under a more natural treatment the skin of a man would adapt itself to the climate as well as the fur of an animal. He supposes that the skin of the ancient Britons was much better adapted to endure the vicissitudes of wet and dry, of heat and cold than that of the present inhabitants of the island; for as they were at that time sold as slaves to the Africans they must have been able to endure the climate or they would not have been imported; and if they could endure the climate of Africa what climate might they not endure?

'It is a well knowu fact that the Carthaginians traded in our blood; they sold our countrymen perhaps to the Egyptians, and they perhaps to others; we were the injured people of those days; but our constitutions could bear it. The question then naturally occurs, why can we not bear what they sustained? the answer leads

us to an interesting fact. They had learned to endure one climate and this prepared them for others. They had no contrivance to shade them from the sun, to shield them from the storm; it was what was natural to their country, and therefore was not injurious. The way they attained this hardihood was by the frequent exposure of their persons; they had met the storm till they had ceased to fear it. Their complexion was that which was proper to the climate.

'The same may be said of all rude and barbarous people; of all who have endured the climate of their native country unprotected by garments. The weather having exerted its full influence on such, their skin becomes as complete a defence as those of animals are to them.'

'A common consequence of exposure to the weather in any climate is a darkening of the skin. It is honourable to the Negro that in every country the colour of its inhabitants verges towards his; it is thus made a standard, thus held up to general notice and observation. What is a freckled or a sunburned skin, but an approximation to the African complexion? and not to be sun-burned or freckled, supposes care and trouble in preventing it. Mr. Hunter was of opinion that the original colour of man was black: be that as it may, certainly it is a colour friendly to health. Even in England, where a skin as pale as the image of death is cultivated and thought comely, a dark complexion is preferred for its healthfulness. Do we not say of such, they look hardy? do we not prefer such for our servants? thus we honour, while we affect to despise the colour of the Negro; and thus we bear our testimony to the position advanced, that a dark complexion bears its possessor above the vicissitudes of the weather more than any other.'

We do not entirely coincide with all that Dr. J. says in favour of the skin and colour of the African. While the inhabitants of the Tropics are black, those of more northern latitude are fair; cold seems to bleach and heat to blacken the skin. But if the inhabitants be most white where the cold is most intense, and if this effect be seen not only in the skin of men but in the fur of animals, does it not prove that a white skin is better suited than a black to a cold temperature? For nature certainly accommodates the form, the colour and skin of animals to the circumstances in which they are placed. And as we find the fairest skins where we feel the most inclement cold, and the darkest where the heat is most intense, we may reasonably infer that a white skin is best fitted to endure the greatest severity of cold. But as there are blacks who can bear the rigor of the coldest regions, so there are whites who can endure the utmost fervors of the torrid zone. The hardy inhabitant of the Highlands will endure heat proportionally as well as the African will bear cold. There are few plants or animals which will live in every soil or

every clime: and though this may be a faculty which man may acquire by habit yet he does not inherit it from nature. Man may by discipline and habit inure himself to the variations of every clime; but this capacity does not belong exclusively to a man with a flat nose or a long, with thick lips or with thin, to one whose skin is black as jet or white as snow, but to any individual who will take the pains to acquire it by a mode of life suited to the climate in which he is placed. We shall not enter into any discussion respecting the different advantages of vegetable or animal food; but this we will say, that a mild diet and a total abstinence from fermented liquors will be found the best preservatives of health in every clime, whether the complexion be brown, olive, black or white. The nature of the diet appears to be of most consequence. We cannot assent to the opinion that the habit of wearing clothes, which Dr. J. says is rather the effect of decency than necessity, has had any pernicious influence on the body. More constant exposure of the surface to the wind and rain, to burning heat and freezing cold, might cause it to increase in hardihood; but what it gained in hardihood, it would lose in sensibility. And the sensibility of the skin is certainly connected with intellectual improvement. The more insensible the skin the more dull is the mind. This was particularly seen in the savage of Aveyron. His skin had been rendered hard and insensible by constant exposure to the elements; and the warm bath was very judiciously employed in order to render the external surface of the body more sensitive, and thus to quicken the perceptive faculty and facilitate the expansion of the mind. As civilization advances, the skin is usually rendered more sensitive to external influence; man, if we may so express it, becomes a more sensational animal; but, at the same time he rises higher in the intellectual scale. And this is the scale in which we are most desirous of seeing him rise higher and higher, till he parts with many of his present imperfections. For this purpose physical and moral culture must be combined; but if we endeavour to render the skin dull we shall never render the mind acute. A very sensitive skin is not incompatible with a power of enduring even the extreme variations of the seasons, without any considerable inconvenience. But to the species of hardihood, which we think it possible for man to attain, to that exemption from disease and that uniformity of health, which we believe that he *might* enjoy, he must ultimately be indebted to diet and regimen more than to any other cause. The present mode of living even among the most civilized is comparatively gross and barbarous; it excites the system into an unnatural action; it inflames the

passions; and renders man, who ought to be the creature of reason, the slave of sense; it thus impedes the moral amelioration of the human species, while it accumulates the matter of disease, and shortens the period of human life!

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, late Rector of the united Parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, Lombard Street; with general Remarks on his Life, Connections, and Character. Second Edition, corrected. By Richard Cecil, A.M. Minister of St. John's, Bedford Row.* 12mo. 4s. Hatchard. 1808.

THE Rev. John Newton is a person of some note in the literary history of the times, not from any particular excellence in his own productions, but from his having been the friend of Cowper, whose mind he is supposed to have tinged with the cypress hues of Calvinistic christianity. Mr. Cecil tells us indeed that the melancholy of Cowper was 'originally a constitutional disease;' but was it not greatly aggravated by the horrors which are inseparable from the gloomy creed which was instilled into his mind by the inauspicious industry of Mr. Newton? Did not the theology which he imbibed from Mr. N. increase the morbid depression of his mind, and render it incurable? If the natural temperament of Cowper were inclined to hypochondria, would it have terminated in mental derangement, if the physical malady had not been increased by the incumbent weight of Calvinism?

John Newton was born in London on the 24th of July, 1725. Mr. Newton says of himself that his 'mother was a dissenter, a pious woman,' who 'made it the chief business and pleasure of her life to instruct him and *bring him up in the fear and nurture of the Lord.*' She had 'devoted him to the ministry from his birth,' but '*the Lord had appointed otherwise.*' When the hero of Mr. Cecil's biographical labours was only four years old, he appears to have been a great proficient in theology, for he tells us that he could 'repeat the answers to the questions in the Assembly's Shorter Catechism, *with the proofs*, and all Dr. Watts's smaller catechisms, and his children's hymns.' We believe that many a preacher of methodism has *begun business* with a smaller stock in trade than this.

Mr. Newton says, that 'his father was a very sensible and a moral man, *as the world rates morality*,' but that he was not '*under the impressions of religion.*' In the writings

of Mr. Newton, Mr. Cecil, and other gentlemen of the same *evangelical* fraternity, we observe a studious attempt to separate morality and religion, as if they were not one and indivisible, or as if morality did not constitute the essence of religion. When they speak of a *moral* man, they do it with a contemptuous sneer: as if a moral man were a being of an inferior genus and species to a *religious*. But what is morality? Is it not a conformity of the conduct to those laws which God has appointed for the government of his accountable creatures? Is religion any thing more or less than obedience to the laws of the Creator? When Mr. Newton says of his father that he 'was a moral man, but not under the impressions of religion,' the affirmation is as absurd as if he had said, that he was 'a moral man, but yet not under the impressions of morality.' For morality and religion are, when rightly considered, exchangeable terms; or morality is the spirit and the substance of true religion. If any distinction be made between them, it will not tend to exalt religion by depressing morality. For if religion be the rite, morality is the end; if religion be the shell, morality is the kernel.

When Mr. Cecil's hero was eleven years old, he went on board his father's ship in Long Reach, and made five voyages to the Mediterranean. In this last voyage, he was left for some months with a merchant at Alicant in Spain; where 'he might have done well if he had behaved well.' But by this time he informs us that his '*sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit*,' though we had been lately told that he was a perfect adept in 'the Assembly's Shorter Catechism *with the proofs*.'—But we are to recollect that Mr. Newton was to be '*a special instrument of grace*,' and that he was to furnish a proof of the greatest sinner becoming the greatest saint.

About that period of his life when Mr. Newton himself says that '*his sinful propensities had gathered strength by* HABIT,' his biographer nevertheless tells us that '*he was often disturbed with religious convictions*,' that he 'therefore began to pray, to read the scriptures, and to keep a diary,' we suppose, of his *religious experiences*. But, in the next sentence, Mr. Cecil gives us to understand that Mr. Newton '*learned to curse and to blaspheme*;' and that he became '*exceedingly wicked*.'—All this may seem a little incongruous, but we are to recollect that Mr. Newton was serving his noviciate for his saintship; and that he had already mastered the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism *with the proofs*.'

At this period, when Mr. Newton had 'begun to pray, to read the scriptures,' 'to curse and to blaspheme,' we are

told that he was nigh breaking his neck by a fall from his horse, 'near a dangerous hedge-row, newly cut.'—Upon this 'his conscience suggested to him the dreadful consequences of appearing in such a state before God.' Other occurrences, equally fortuitous, concurred to produce similar impressions; but we are told that he still 'kept sinking in greater depths of wickedness.' Can we wonder at this from his intimate acquaintance with the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism with the proofs?'

Mr. Newton tells us that he 'often saw the necessity of religion as a means of escaping hell;' but that '*he loved sin*, and was unwilling to forsake it.' 'I did,' says he, 'every thing that might be expected from a person entirely *ignorant of God's righteousness*, and *desirous to establish his own*.' In this passage we have a specimen of the *evangelical slang*, in which righteousness, or the habit of doing right, instead of being a personal acquisition is supposed to be a miraculous communication. But we will ask the *evangelical* Mr. Cecil whether a man ought, or ought not, to endeavour to do right? Whether he ought or ought not to labour to attain the habit of well doing? Mr. Cecil will hardly answer these questions in the negative. How then will he be able to affirm that righteousness is not a personal quality, acquired by individual exertion, but the infusion of a superior power, depending neither on conditions nor exertions? If such a doctrine be sincerely embraced, what must be the practical result?

At a petty shop at Middleburgh in Holland, Mr. Cecil tells us that his hero met with a volume of Shaftesbury's Characteristics, which 'operated like a slow poison' on his mind, 'and prepared the way for all that followed.' Instead of ascribing any *immoral* influence to the perusal of the writings of Shaftesbury, we should rather impute it to the 'Assembly's Shorter Catechism *with the proofs*,' in which Mr. Newton was such an early proficient. Besides, with what appearance of truth can Mr. Cecil assert that the writings of Shaftesbury operated like poison on the mind and heart of Mr. Newton, when Mr. Newton himself tells us that, *previous* to his reading Shaftesbury or any other writer on morals, his '*sinful propensities had gathered strength by habit*?' The truth appears to have been that the Calvinism, which he had imbibed from his mother, and which had been rendered more deleterious by the '*Assembly's Shorter Catechism, with the proofs*,' had vitiated his moral principles, and prepared the way for the career of profligacy which he afterwards ran. But, in this career, Mr. N. once received '*a remarkable check by a dream*;' and Mr. Cecil mentions many other

fortuitous occurrences, which he seems to interpret into supernatural admonitions.

Mr. N.'s life was certainly checquered with considerable vicissitudes, but these were principally owing to his restless and enterprizing disposition. His father had procured him an appointment in the West Indies, but the future *saint*, having previously made a journey into Kent, discovered a young lady with whom he fell 'almost in love at first sight,' and with her he remained till the ship in which he was to have taken his departure had sailed. This act of disobedience greatly offended his father; and the repetition of it, on a similar occasion, rendered him almost inexorable. He was afterwards seized by a press-gang and carried on board a tender: but his father had interest to get him made a midshipman on board the Harwich man of war. In this situation Mr. C. tells us that his companions 'completed the ruin of his principles;' though, according to his own confession, this had been already done to their hands. While the Harwich lay in the Downs in 1744, Mr. N. having obtained leave to go on shore, made use of the opportunity to pay a visit to his mistress, who lived in Kent; but he remained beyond his time, and lost the favour of the captain. At Plymouth our saint deserted from his ship; but in two days after he was apprehended, brought back, publicly whipt, and degraded from his rank. He sailed in the Harwich as far as Madeira, when by the intercession of some of the officers, he was discharged, and placed on board a Guinea ship. This ship was bound to Sierra Leone and the adjacent parts; the captain, who knew his father, received him kindly, but he soon forfeited all claim to this kindness by his conduct. According to his own languange, he 'not only sinned with a high hand himself, but made it his study to tempt and seduce others upon every occasion.' While on the coast the captain of the ship died, and Mr. N. being on bad terms with the mate, who succeeded him, instead of sailing with the ship, resolved to remain in Africa. Mr. N. accordingly entered into the service of a slave-trader on the coast. Mr. N. says, that he might have lived tolerably well with his master if he 'had not been much under the influence of a black woman,' who lived with him as his wife, and who had from some unknown cause, conceived a considerable antipathy against the future *saint*. His situation therefore was rendered sufficiently miserable; he was at times famished with hunger, and he tells us that his misery excited the compassion even of 'the slaves in the chain, who secretly brought him victuals, for they durst not be seen to do it, from their own slender pittance.' But notwithstand-

ing his superfluity of mental and corporeal suffering, Mr. Cecil seems to think that his heart, not yet softened by any instillation of *saving grace*, remained desperately hard; and he says that 'he was no further changed than a tiger wasted by hunger.'

There is something pleasing in the following account; and the circumstance, which it mentions, interested us more in the fate of Mr. N. than if we had seen him reading the 'Assembly's Catechism,' in the dreary waste.

'Having bought Barrow's Euclid at Plymouth, and it being the only volume he brought on shore, he used to take it to remote corners of the island, and draw his diagrams with a long stick upon the sand. "Thus," says he, "I often beguiled my sorrows, and almost forgot my feelings; and thus, without any other assistance, I made myself in a good measure master of the first six books of Euclid."

Mr. N. remained in this situation nearly twelve months, when he wrote to his father to solicit his assistance; but before any answer arrived, our hero exchanged his service, and took up his residence with another master, from whom he experienced kinder usage. He 'was treated as a companion and trusted with his effects to the amount of some thousand pounds.' Here, says Mr. N. in the true cant of Calvinism, 'I began to be *wretch enough* to think myself *happy*.' When he compared his present situation with that which he had recently left, his present plenty with his former want, his present pleasures with his former pains, would he not have been an ingrate if had thought otherwise? But gratitute, arising from a consciousness of present benefits, is not one of those sensations which is cherished in the bosom of a methodist.

Mr. N. had been but a few months in his new situation before a ship arrived on the coast, the captain of which was commissioned to convey him to England. While he was on his way home, he tells us that his 'whole life, when awake, was a course of most horrid impiety and profaneness.'

'Not content,' says he, 'with common oaths and imprecations, I daily invented new ones; so that I was often seriously reproved by the captain, who was himself a very passionate man, and not at all circumspect in his expressions.'

On his way home Mr. N. narrowly escaped shipwreck. The violence of the storm, and the proximity of the danger, made him indulge in many devout thoughts and much religious speculation. 'The great question,' says he, 'was how to obtain *faith*?' by which he tells us that he does not

mean '*an appropriating faith, of which he then knew neither the nature nor necessity.*' Did he ever know it?

'I had no idea,' says Mr. N. 'of those systems which allow the Saviour no higher honour than that of an *upper servant*, or at the most a demi-god. I stood in need of an Almighty Saviour, and such a one I found described in the New Testament. Thus far the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing. I was no longer an infidel.'

But though '*the Lord had wrought a marvellous thing*' in thus removing the infidelity of Mr. N. he tells us in the next page but one that he cannot consider himself to have been 'a believer till a considerable time afterwards.' If the cessation of Mr. N.'s infidelity was, as he represents it, a miraculous work, and yet, if when infidelity ceased, belief did not ensue, to what purpose was the miracle wrought?

'I had no apprehension,' says the *saint*, 'of the spirituality and extent of the law of God, "*the hidden life of a christian, as it consists in communion with God by Jesus Christ.*' The meaning of this may be very clear to Mr. Cecil, but it' is very obscure to us. It is only a jargon of words without any definite signification. Words, without meaning, constitute the basis of methodism.

Mr. N. arrived at Liverpool in May 1748, where he was very kindly received by the friend whose ship had brought him home.

'But,' says Mr. N. 'it would not have been in the power even of this friend, to have served me effectually, *if the Lord had not met me on my way home.* Till then *I was like the man possessed with the legion.*'

But though a miraculous interposition had been vouchsafed for the conversion of Mr. N. and though '*the Lord had met him on his way home,*' yet he informs us, in his next voyage, in which he went as mate on board a slave-ship, that '*his soul still cleaved to the dust.*' We do not think that the *moral sense* of our hero was much purified by the '*Lord having met him on his way home,*' on a former voyage; or we cannot believe that he would so soon after have engaged with so little compunction in the traffic of human flesh. On this voyage Mr. C. tells us,

'It does not appear that any thing new was presented to his mind, but that *in general he was enabled to hope and believe in a crucified Saviour.*'

The reader will not fail to observe that while Mr. Newton

was thus *enabled* (by miraculous interposition ?) to hope and believe in a crucified Saviour, he was actually engaged in a trade founded on the most atrocious cruelty and injustice; and connected with the most heart-rending scenes of pillage and murder. Yet Mr. Cecil goes on to say, that 'after this,' meaning the infusion of saving grace recited above, '*the burden* was removed from his conscience,' that 'his peace was restored,' and that 'though subject to the effects and conflicts of *sin dwelling in him*, he *was ever after delivered* from the power and dominion of it.' This is a notable specimen of the indefinite jargon and illogical statements of the evangelical school. We are first told that the conscience of Mr. Cecil's hero was purified, (N. B. While he was engaged in kidnapping his fellow creatures on the coast of Africa) that '*his peace was restored*,' that the serenity of virtue was produced, and yet that he was '*subject to the effects of sin dwelling in him*;' that is, that he was guilty of *habitual transgression*; for sin cannot otherwise be said to dwell in, and exercise its pernicious effects on the individual; but that nevertheless '*he was ever after delivered from the power and dominion of it*.' Thus Mr. Cecil has in effect told us that, though Mr. Newton was 'enabled to believe in a crucified Saviour,' and though 'the burden of sin was removed from his conscience,' he was yet subject to the *effects of sin*, that sin 'was *actually personified in his conduct*,' and yet that he was '*liberated from the power and dominion of sin*.' After this precious farrago of contradictions and nonsense, our indignation was so much excited against this Life of the Rev. John Newton, that we were tempted to throw the book into the fire; and fear that we should certainly have been guilty of great indecorum by making it fly at Mr. Cecil's whitened pericranium if he had been in the room. But luckily this was not the case; we laid the book aside till we ceased to be angry; and then resolved to see how the Rev. John Newton would terminate his career.

On opening page 98, we found him learning Horace by help of an old English translation, and acquiring 'a spice of classical enthusiasm.' This put us into good humour again, and we felt disposed to believe that the Rev. John Newton was not quite so destitute of good sense as we had supposed.

On the 1st of February, 1750, we behold Mr. N. united in the conjugal tie with the lady in Kent, for whom he had conceived so early an attachment, the constancy of which constitutes one of the most amiable traits in his character. But we soon find the husband degenerating into the *saint*; and Mr. N. assuming the affected cant of the evangelical school, says of himself:

'My poor narrow heart was satisfied. A cold and careless frame, as to *spiritual things*, took place and gained ground daily.'

But Mr. N. was soon called from his mixed state of conjugal bliss and spiritual regret to the command of a slave-ship, which sailed from Liverpool in August, 1750. In this voyage he not only performed the duties of captain but officiated as priest. Besides this he tells us that he prosecuted his Latin studies 'with good success.' He 'added Juvenal to Horace.' 'He read Terence, Virgil, several pieces of Cicero, and the modern classics: Buchanan, Erasmus, and Casimir, and made some essay towards writing elegant Latin.' But Mr. N.'s classical ardour soon yielded to his *evangelical*. 'Neither poet nor historian,' says he, 'could tell me a *word of Jesus*, and I therefore applied myself to those who could.' He had before asserted that 'the Lord was pleased to draw him nearer to himself.'

Mr. N. returned from his first voyage after his marriage in November, 1751, and he sailed again from Liverpool in a new ship in July 1752. In this and his former voyage he tells us that he 'never knew sweeter or more frequent hours of divine communion.' While Mr. N. was enjoying some of these *sweet hours*, some hundreds of slaves on board his ship were enduring the horrors of the middle passage! There may seem a little incongruity in the association; but the *saints* have unparalleled skill in reconciling contradictions. In 1753, Mr. N. made a third voyage to Guinea. Even in this voyage, after all the spiritual infusions and marvellous interpositions which Mr. Cecil's hero had experienced, he still tells us that he had only 'a general view of Gospel truth,' and that 'his conceptions still remained confused!' But at St. Christopher's Mr. N. meets a 'captain of a ship from London,' who is called a man of experience in the things of God.' Mr. Cecil tells us that this person's discourse 'not only informed his understanding, but inflamed his heart;' that 'his conceptions became more clear and evangelical;' and that 'he was delivered from a fear which had long troubled him, of relapsing into his former apostacy, and taught to expect preservation *not from his own power and holiness*, but from the power and promise of God.' Mr. Cecil had told us above that the '*Lord had met Mr. Newton on his way home*;' but yet no such effect is reported to have resulted from this interview as from his conversations with this 'captain of a ship from London.' After the first Mr. N.' still had 'only a general and confused view of gospel truth;' but after the second '*his conceptions became more clear and evangelical*,' and '*he was delivered*

from the fear of a relapse.' Thus Mr. Cecil eventually ascribes more efficacy of persuasion to this 'captain of a ship from London,' than to '*the Lord who met*' Mr. Newton '*by the way.*' The truth appears to have been that Mr. Newton, who, if it had not been for the officious interference of the captain above mentioned might have halted between reason and fanaticism, became infected by the superstition of his guide, till the rational religionist was totally lost in the bewildered visionary.

In 1754 Mr. N. abandoned his maritime employment, and ceased to be conversant with the application of 'chains, bolts and shackles' to the limbs of his fellow-creatures. In 1755 he settled at Liverpool, where Mr. Cecil says that 'he determined to know nothing but Jesus and him crucified.' The theological captain whom Mr. N. had seen at St. Christopher's, and by whose godly discourse he had profited so much, had exhorted him to '*speak a word for God.*' Mr. N. accordingly thinking it better to '*speak a word for God*' in the established church rather than among the dissenters, 'solicited ordination from the Archbishop of York;' but he experienced a refusal. He afterwards renewed his application but met with no better success. The archbishop was 'inflexible in supporting the rules and canons of the church &c.;' but in 1764 he experienced more pliancy on the part of the bishop of Lincoln, by whom he was ordained deacon at Buckden in 1764. Mr. N. made his first attempt to '*speak a word for God*' as curate of Olney, where he retailed his evangelical prescriptions during a period of sixteen years; at the expiration of which he was presented to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth by the late John Thornton, Esq. whose diffusive benevolence Mr. Cecil celebrates in terms of merited commendation. But we could have wished that Mr. Cecil had not polluted his eulogy of this gentleman by those cant-phrases, which are always in the mouths of the *saints*, but which excite the contempt of men of more sober understandings. Thus Mr. Cecil, not content with telling us that 'Mr. Thornton was a Christian indeed,' must add this evangelical periphrasis, that '*he was alive to God by a spiritual regeneration.*' When Mr. Cecil tells us that Mr. Thornton was a philanthropist on the largest scale; 'that he was the friend of man under all his wants, was temperate in all things though mean in nothing,' and that 'he seemed to be most in his element when appropriating a considerable part of his large income to the necessities of others;' we can understand what he means; but when he says that Mr. Thornton or any other man '*was alive to God by a*

spiritual regeneration; he uses words to which no definite ideas can be affixed; and to use words which have no definite ideas, can answer no other purpose than to bewilder the understanding. This indeed, if not the principal, seems the *general effect* of what is in these days called *evangelical preaching*; by which reason is outraged and morality degraded.

While at Olney, Mr. Newton partook largely of the bounty of Mr. Thornton. Mr. Thornton made him an annual allowance of 200l. per. annum, and told him to apply without hesitation for what he wanted more. This was an instance of munificent generosity; and deserves, among other examples of Mr. Thornton's largeness of heart, to be recorded in letters of gold.

We cannot subscribe to the supposition of Mr. Cecil, that Mr. Newton's residence at Olney was appointed by Providence 'among other reasons for the relief of the depressed mind of the poet COWPER.' Though it be not true that the *evangelical preaching* of Mr. Newton, was the original cause of the mental dejection of Cowper; yet it cannot be doubted but that his natural melancholy was rendered more dark by the calvinistic gloom which the theological oratory of Mr. Newton, threw over his mental sight.

In 1779 Mr. Newton was presented by his kind-hearted patron, Mr. Thornton, to the rectory of the united parishes of St. Mary Woolnoth and St. Mary Woolchurch-Haw, Lombard-street. Here he continued to preach, *what he thought* the gospel, with his usual zeal. He died on the 21st of December 1807 at the advanced age of 82 years. Mr. Cecil evidently designed this work not more as a life of Mr. Newton than as a history of what he calls '*vital and experimental religion*.' On a careful perusal we cannot say that it is very likely either to instruct or to amuse. The narrative of Mr. Cecil, which is copiously seasoned with the phraseology of methodism, may indeed gratify some of the rigid and saturnine devotees of St. John's chapel; but there is hardly a single sentence in the whole work, which indicates depth of reflection or charms by beauty of style.

ART. IV.—*Riddellian System; or, New Medical Improvements; containing a concise Account of the Advantages to be expected therefrom. With some illustrative Examples. By Colonel Riddell.* 8vo. Ridgway. 1808.

THE Riddellian System! The world has been much annoyed by systems of medicine; and they have followed each other

so fast that we are scarcely masters of one before we are obliged to unlearn it, and to apply ourselves to another. The ancients had their sects of medicine, as well as of philosophy and religion; they had their methodists and pneumatists; their empirics and their dogmatists. Chemists and Galenists have divided the earlier schools of modern times. Afterwards we had systems of Stahl and Sylvius; of Boerhaave, Hoffman, and Cullen; Brunonians, and Darwinians, have made much noise in these latter days; at a distance from home, and among young students we believe their theories still are the subjects of some idle contentions; nor are they quite forgotten in the land which gave birth to their authors. The system of Darwin was so very hard to understand that except in names it made few proselytes. Of Brunonians there has indeed been a plentiful crop. And we understand that there is even now in the metropolis *one* physician who calls himself a Brunonian; and who does not feel the ridicule of pluming himself upon a tenacity to jargon, utterly forgotten or despised by all the rest of the world.

By a *system* of medicine, invented by an army colonel, we were indeed appalled, and trembled for the fame of the sages of the divine art. But on reading for a page or two we recovered from our panic. If the gallant colonel is not invested with the highest honours and the regular insignia of the profession, he has at least paid it the compliment to *aspire* after them. The Earl of Leven (a very competent judge we dare say, of medical practice) was so struck with the wonderful success of this military Æsculapius, that he applied to some of the Scotch colleges in his behalf for a diploma. How perverse it is in these learned bodies to refuse so slight a favour even to his majesty's commissioner at the general assembly!

We must observe that the colonel has been guilty of a misnomer in talking about *his system*. By a system we understand a set of principles by which to connect events, and from thence to deduce proper rules for conduct. But the colonel simply announces himself, as the inventor of a new antimonial preparation, which possesses certain wonderful powers so as to exceed in virtue all others known. From whence he learnt his chemistry, we are not informed; but we suspect that every apothecary's apprentice has a great deal more. His principles, or his *system*, if it must be so called, are taken from Dr. James's Treatises on his fever powder, who seems to be the colonel's oracle. The account of his medicine we will give in his own words.

'It is from the management, combinations and totally new use

of antimony, sometimes counteracting its effects, and sometimes forcing it into particular action, that I have derived that system which will appear to the reader to have been so singularly fortunate, and which I call the art of *medicine simplified*; which, the more it shall be tried and experienced, will, I am confident, be found more and more satisfactory.'

This is cunning enough. The panacea is to be *managed, combined, counteracted,* and *forced into particular action.* In a word, the martial doctor is to superintend its operation. But let him proceed.

'Antimony thus combined and administered, though possessing power equal to any effect to be expected from medicine, is nevertheless so mild, that it may be given to infants a day old, and to pregnant women with the utmost safety, and often with the happiest effects: its action is absolutely determined by the contents of the stomach and bowels; and if nothing should be found there injurious to health, and offensive to the ease and comfort of life, it will pass off without any kind of trouble or inconvenience. Its powers in correcting and removing vitiated bile, may safely be called wonderful; and during its operation, the patient is strengthened and animated in a way that has never yet failed to excite great astonishment. This is a fair and, I believe, an unexaggerated statement of the advantage offered by this system of medicine; and which I can promise, on the honour of a gentleman, will not be disappointed.'

The honour of a gentleman has nothing to do with points which are to be determined by the judgment; and it is far from delicate to appeal to it in a case where the appellant hopes to derive much private emolument. That Col. Riddell makes use of a good antimonial purge, we will not dispute; that he is the inventor of any, we must beg to doubt, though it be asserted *on the honour of a gentleman*; because we find no evidence of his possessing an atom of chemical skill. We are willing to believe too, that by the use of this antimonial purge great benefit may have been conferred in some fevers; suspecting at the same time that from its indiscriminate application by an unskilful hand it may often have produced equal mischief; but we are not disposed to allow that this antimonial purge has any specific effect, or any superiority over those in common use: we cannot allow this, we say, on the *ipse dixit,* of so ignorant a man as colonel Riddell; and when we see such assertions as that by the use of this preparation (always *as managed by himself*, be it remarked) 'he can subdue any fever known in the country in a few hours,' and that it effectually cures and era-

dicates every kind of fever in a very short time, that it would put an end to the devastation of the yellow fever; though the colonel were commander in chief of his majesty's forces, we should not hesitate to pronounce such assertions to be the offspring either of folly or of fraud.

If any thing can heighten the ridicule of these swaggering pretensions it is the absolute nullity of the proof. The colonel has seen some children recover from scarlet fever, in ten days; a man who had been given up in a putrid fever, get well, in spite of the doctor's prognostic; and so forth. A month's real practice would supply twenty better tales than any we meet with here. The colonel's cures too are attested by the Earl of Leven, and by the worshipful G. Cruwys, Mayor of Tiverton; and he produces the letters of his patients, some very mawkish, and others very foolish. The colonel too attended Sir Francis Burdett, whose limbs were weak after a fit of the gout, and then my Lady Burdett, became his patient, who had been ill of we know not what; and then too my Lady Bute, (sister to Lady Burdett,) discharged her doctors, and the colonel spent three weeks at Luton in her service. 'The benefits her ladyship received from my system, and administration of medicines,' he says, 'in this time, I have no doubt that she will long live to acknowledge.' We understand that in this point at least the colonel reckons without his host. The marchioness was so perverse as to fancy he did her much mischief, sent him packing, (perhaps, however, with a civil face and a handsome fee,) recalled her old doctors, and is now contented with the best advice the country can afford.

It is a good rule to make the best of our situation, and if possible to extract good out of evil. As we therefore can gain neither sense nor information from Colonel Riddell and his system, we have been willing to search for a little amusement; and having found some are desirous to impart it to our readers. The following letters are written with so much sprightliness and *naivete*, that we cannot but be pleased with their author, and hope that he has continued satisfied with his purgations. We suspect these letters were never meant for the public eye; if so, their good-humoured writer must not blame us, but his communicative doctor.

'*Cheltenham, April* 18, 1806.

'DEAR SIR,

'I am much indebted to you for your kind attention, and a second dose of your admirable medicine. I shall not fail to follow all your directions *à la lettre*, and doubt not, but I shall have reason to rejoice in the implicit confidence I repose in

the medical knowledge you have so generously and politely exerted for my relief. I *also* feel this change of weather, but certainly not so much as usual, which I only impute to the benefit I have already received from your medicine, in removing a part of the bilious load that has so long tormented and oppressed me.—As you take such benevolent care of *others*, I hope you are not neglectful of yourself, lest the cold you mention should occasion a return of your habitual disorder. With great esteem I am, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

Cheltenham, April 19th, 1806

'MY DEAR COLONEL,

'You have heard of *Hermippus Redivivus*, I am *not Hermippus*, but I am *Redivivus*, through your benevolence and skill. Things go on *à la merveille*. I have eaten like a porter, slept for two hours since like a dormouse, and am now all alive and merry. When I hear you talk of the potency of your medicine, I shall raise my voice and say *probatum est*.—Prometheus, we are told, made a man by infusing the etherial spirit into his clay; and you with your powder may be said to relume the light of life, and make it burn with new vigour and brightness, when dying in its socket, or shorn by disease of all its chearing beams. I long for to-morrow, that I may learn the effects of your panacea on my admirable friend Mrs. Hannah More.* The restoration of her health would be a public benefit.—To-morrow night, you may perhaps judge it expedient to send me a third dose of your incomparable medicine; yet in one respect it is ill adapted to these times, as it would tempt many a man to eat himself out of house and home.

'I am, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

'DEAR COLONEL, *Cheltenham, April, 21st*, 1806.

'Notwithstanding the internal symptoms I mentioned to you yesterday morning, and my finishing the pot of electuary at bed-time, it did not operate till seven o'clock this morning, and then though comfortably, only once, and not violently. But as your excellent medicine has now made its way good, I trust and believe that its operation will not rest here. I have had a night of most delightful and refreshing sleep, and feel well and cheerful. As I did not stir out of the house either yesterday or Saturday, I much wish, with your approbation, to take an airing in my carriage this morning, though probably you may wish me to take another pot of your electuary after dinner, which I think will thoroughly clear me out, and set me firm on my legs.'

I am, &c.

THOS. S. WHALLEY.

'* This lady wrote me a letter of acknowledgment for the benefit she received from the medicines given to her.'

Cheltenham, April 22nd, 1806.

'MY DEAR SIR,

'All obstruction having been removed from the upper and lower passages by the first pot of your electuary, the doses which I took last evening, and at bed-time, were so active that they threatened to disturb me between four and five this morning; however, I fell asleep again, and the operation did not take place till seven, which has been copious but salutary, as I now find myself in every respect relieved by it. The burning heat and internal agitation which I felt during four hours, on Saturday night, was the great crisis, and from *that time* my health, (I mean after the subsequent evacuation of some black bile on Saturday morning) has sensibly improved, and I am become a fitter patient for the cook than the physician.

'I am, my dear colonel, &c.
THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

'MY DEAR COLONEL, *Cheltenham, April 23rd,* 1806.

'As I have been a sluggard this morning, my daily *bulletin* is later than usual. I took a good dose of your electuary on going to bed at eleven, and slept without interruption from that hour till five this morning, when a certain motion in my bowels made it necessary for me to rise hastily. After a copious evacuation I went to bed again, and slept sweetly till eight. Since I rose, the medicine has operated moderately again and I feel myself much relieved. Indeed my spirits are now quite light, and my nerves steady.

'I am, dear colonel, &c.
THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

Cheltenham, April 24th, 1806.

'DEAR COLONEL,

'My sleep last night has been very refreshing, and I am quite alive this morning. The electuary has had very little effect; which proves, I think, united with my feelings, that the bad bile is conquered; and nothing surprises me so much respecting your medicines, as their leaving the nerves so tranquil after such profuse evacuations, It was what never happened to me before, as my *extremely* delicate and *irritable* nervous system, is usually shaken in pieces by purgatives, and does not easily or soon recover their debilitating effects. Long may you live happy in yourself and family, and a blessing to others.

'I am, dear Sir, &c.
THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

Malvern Wells, May 9th, 1806.

'MY DEAR COLONEL,

'I had no occasion to take any of the electuary with which you so kindly supplied me. Indeed I shall not

think of applying to it on trifling occasions, as I keep it for my *sheet anchor*, in time of great need. The elastic air and pure water of this delightful hill are very favourable to my digestion and nerves. I climb about like a goat, to explore the variety of fine landscapes that break upon the eye on every side, and am astonished at my own vigour and agility. We leave Malvern on Monday, and intend travelling by easy stages northward as far as York, going and returning by different routes, to increase our amusements by varying the objects. I hope all your patients do justice to your generous attention, by conforming strictly to your prescriptions and advice. It would give me great satisfaction to hear that government had been influenced to accept the proposals offered by you for the *relief* of your country in *general*, and more especially the army and navy, from those dreadful pestilential fevers which have proved so destructive of the human race. A sovereign remedy for this fatal and increasing distemper has long been a desideratum, and would be an inestimable blessing to the British empire. About the middle of July we intend returning to our domestic comforts at Mendip Lodge, where it would give Mrs. Whalley and myself great pleasure, whenever you can spare time from your benevolent exertions if you will favour us with a visit.

'I am, my dear Sir,
Your much obliged, faithful,
and most obedient Servant,
THOS. S. WHALLEY.'

We much doubt whether the colonel's correspondent is not a little given to *hoaxing*. But whether he be in jest or in earnest the colonel would have done much better to have kept a volume of such testimonies in his drawers, or produced them only for the gratification of Mrs. Riddell and his own fire side.

Our inclination has been to believe Col. Riddell a mistaken and well meaning enthusiast. And even now as we are sensible that nothing is more common than for men to deceive themselves with regard to the motives of their own actions, we are unwilling wholly to renounce this idea. If a man has made a real discovery which may be serviceable to society, he cannot conceal from himself the degree of honour and emolument which he expects to flow from it; and we must expect that these flattering prospects will stimulate his zeal and activity. We will not therefore make it an object of reproach that the colonel is looking forward to public remuneration for revealing the secret of his nostrum; or to the sweets of sharing with the regulars the honours and the profits of medical practice. Poor man! let him build his castles in the air: these can hurt nobody but himself. But when we find that this military officer has more nostrums

than one: that he has a *Country Cottage Spa*, of admirable virtues, that he has a miraculous lotion; when we hear him saying 'we have since discovered medicines, which by the new system of administering them, are more extensively useful, *more certain in their effects*, mild and safer in their operation: and I have abundant authority to say that by *this system life may, in most cases, be protracted considerably beyond the period at which it would end, if left to the operation of disease under the present practice;* we must confess that our charity begins to desert us, and we cannot help exclaiming, surely this is rank quackery and downright imposture! It is not worth our while, however, to attempt to develope the motives which influence such a man as the writer of the Riddellian System. If it be fraud, it is so clumsy that it must defeat itself: if it be folly, we seriously advise him not to carry it so far as to oblige his friends to find him a retreat within the walls of St. Luke's hospital.

ART. V.—*Disquisitions on Population; in which the Principles of the Essay on Population, by the Rev. T. R. Malthus are examined and refuted. By Robert Acklom Ingram, B.D. Rector of Segrave in Leicestershire.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Hatchard. 1808.

MR. Ingram commences his work with some very sensible observations on the general tendency of Mr. Malthus's Essay on the Principle of Population.

The great object of Mr. Malthus seems to be to prove that it is the duty and the interest of states to restrain the progress of population, and to make matrimony an object of political discouragement. The popularity which the work of Mr. Malthus obtained on its first appearance, was not more owing to the glitter of paradox, which always attracts fugitive admiration, than to the refutation which it seemed to furnish of the system of Mr. Godwin, which was then an object of general reprobation and dislike. The system, therefore, which is defended by Mr. Malthus, owed the favourable reception which it at first experienced, rather to the detestation of the works which it opposed, than to its own inherent excellence and truth. It was thought a powerful antidote to doctrines which were esteemed highly deleterious; and while the poison of the supposed evil was regarded with dread, the efficacy of the equally imaginary remedy was immoderately extolled. It was cherished

by the rich because it seemed to sanction their selfishness, or at least to release them from the obligations of beneficence; and those, who shrunk with dismay from the universal philanthropy which was preached by Mr. Godwin, eagerly took refuge in the hard-heartedness which was encouraged by the system of Mr. Malthus. Those who dreaded any improvement or innovation in the forms of political society, which would have increased the general good while it diminished the gratifications and emoluments of particular individuals, were happy in acquiring such powerful supplies of argument as the Essay of Mr. Malthus *seemed* to furnish, to prove that no amelioration could take place in the condition of man; that the happiness of the whole was hardly susceptible of augmentation; that misery and want were wise and necessary expedients to prevent an overflowing population: and that the benevolence of individuals tended only to increase the wretchedness of society. Mr. Malthus came forward to batter down the speculations of Rousseau, of Condorcet, and of Godwin, clad in the panoply of arithmetic! His shield was composed of the multiplication table thickened in innumerable folds; which seemed impervious to every dart. Towering in his strength, he bade defiance to every assailant; elated with the idea of invincible prowess, he rose paramount to the laws of God, and the passions of man. He threatened to impose the chains of his theory on the most imperious desire; and both sexes were required, at his beck, to extirpate, to suspend, or to forego their mutual regard; and to arrest or to decline the work of generation. The friends of man and the lovers of women stood aghast at the potent voice of this declaimer against connubial rites. They began to look on matrimony as the origin of all human woe; and to consider celibacy as a law, whose ordinances were not to be broken without accumulated punishment.

Many who startled with horror at the conclusions of Mr. Malthus, were yet confounded into conviction by his figures. They could not suspect that any fallacy lurked behind the plain position that two and two make four; or that numbers increasing as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, would not soon be outstripped by a series augmenting as 1, 2, 4, 8, 16. Mr. Malthus, therefore, for a time seemed to be left without an opponent in the field. Even Mr. Godwin appeared to succumb under the weight of his arithmetic, and rather to endeavour to elude the pressure of conviction by illusory expedients than manfully to stand up against his adversary, and break the force, or shew the futility, of his arguments. In

our review of Mr. Jarrold's Dissertations, Jan. 1807. we expatiated at some length on the system of Mr. Malthus and endeavoured to expose its weakness and absurdity. We were happy to find a writer possessing so much strength of reason and solidity of judgment as Mr. Ingram, devoting his talents to the refutation of so pernicious a theory as that of Mr. Malthus.

'Upon the first perusal of the sentiments of Mr. Malthus,' says his able opponent, 'the religious mind revolts at the apparent want of intelligence, and contrivance, in the Author of the creation, in infusing a principle into the nature of man, which it required the utmost exertion of human prudence and ingenuity to counteract. I shall not, however, enlarge upon this topic; as it is not always in the power of human intellect to fathom the counsels of Divine Wisdom. But the virtuous heart recoils still more forcibly at what is an obvious inference from Mr. M.'s theory; that vice is a necessary evil to correct the imperfections that exist in the works of Providence. According to Mr. M., moral restraint, vice, and misery, are the only checks, or preventives of that rapid increase of population, beyond the limits of subsistence, which would otherwise result from the constitution of human nature. "Moral restraint (Mr. M. maintains), has in past ages operated with very inconsiderable force, whatever hopes we may entertain of its prevalence in future;" i. e, when the principles of his work shall be generally received: though indeed, as he assures us, he believes, "that few of his readers can be less sanguine in their expectations of any great change in the general conduct of men on this subject, than he is." Virtue, I am persuaded, is conducive to an increase of population. It is not to be expected, that the mass of mankind should be philosophers enough to adopt the principles of Mr. M. from mature deliberation. The desire of the connubial union is strongest in virtuous minds, who are the most anxious to share with a beloved family the profits of their industry and frugality. So that vice, which is itself a fertile source of calamities, remains, as in reality, the only effectual preventive of that excess of misery, which would otherwise be produced by the natural progress of population. Preventives also, and impediments to early marriages, such as Mr. M. appears to recommend, however they might operate as moral restraints at first, would hardly fail to produce more or less vice, even in the most virtuous communities. Thus misery originates from every source; and one species of calamity is the only corrective of another. Surely then, the condition of human existence is truly wretched; and, if such sentiments are admitted, we must cease to regard benevolence as the predominant feature of the Almighty mind. However, for our consolation, I trust, I shall make the very reverse of these statements appear to be the truth; viz. that we have no occasion for "every possible help, that we can get, to counteract the tendency to early marriages:"—that the prevailing opinions, or principles of action, in lieu of encouraging marriage too much, have a very contrary effect; and that this

country, so far from being overpeopled, might support a much more considerable population with more real comfort and enjoyment, than is, at present, generally experienced. I shall farther endeavour to shew, that, if vice is calculated to overwhelm even a thinly inhabited community with a large portion of misery; virtue on the other hand, might enable the same territory to maintain an abundant population with ease and happiness. This then, is a principal fallacy in Mr. M.'s argumentation. His category is incomplete. Moral restraint, vice, and misery, are not the only efficient causes in adjusting population, and the means of subsistence. Virtue and intelligence have a very powerful influence in preventing, or alleviating, the misery, which originates in vice, or any causes connected with population, by other means, than, simply, as a restraint on the powers of generation. So that, in proportion as any community is rendered more virtuous and enlightened, there may be a smaller share of actual restraint on the principle of population, or the propensity to contract early marriages, and, at the same time, a diminution of human misery.'

The fundamental principle of Mr. Malthus's theory is that there is a constant tendency in the human race, to multiply beyond the means of subsistence which any exertion can procure; and that all the great impediments to an increase of happiness and to an amelioration of the social condition of mankind, have been in past ages and are in the present owing to a surplus of population. Mr. M. also says that all the counteractions of the predominating principle of population, are resolvable into moral restraint, vice, and misery. But, as Mr. Ingram has well remarked, virtue or the moral principle, affords the strongest encouragement to marriage: and therefore vice will at last be found the only barrier which can be devised against this supposed overpowering principle of population. But can we think of God as the maker of the world and the moral governor of the universe, who has infused a principle into human nature, the operation of which is so mischievous that it cannot be counteracted without the aid of that vice which he condemns?

'But I shall endeavour to prove,' says Mr. Ingram, 'that the wise and benevolent Author of the universe has so adjusted the principle of population, i.e. the sexual appetite, and the desire of marriage, to the general condition of human life, and the varying circumstances of each community, that the population has been, for the most part, reduced to the standard of subsistence, without that excessive degree of wretchedness and woe, which accords with Mr. M.'s view of the subject: that it has not continually pressed with the violence, which he supposes, on the limits of subsistence; and that a large portion of the misery, which has actually occurred, is more properly to be attributed to a defect of virtue or intelligence,

or other human imperfections, then to a superabundance of population. Some degree of suffering must ever be expected from the fluctuations of food and population. Various, indeed, are the sources of human misery, of which this, no doubt, is one. But, that many individuals in every age have suffered from a deficiency of sustenance, is not, altogether, to be attributed to the want of food, or of the means of procuring it, in each community, but much more generally, to the unequal distribution, and wasteful consumption of it. These evils are never likely to be effectually obviated, but might be considerably alleviated by the increasing influence of religion, and the diffusion of liberal knowledge. The means proposed by Mr. M. would only aggravate the calamity.'

Neither history nor experience warrant the supposition that population has a tendency to increase with that accelerated velocity which Mr. Malthus seems so much to dread.

'It has been ably contested,' says Mr. Ingram,' and is still a matter of some uncertainty, whether the world, before the coming of our blessed Saviour, was as populous, as it is at present. There can, however, be little doubt, that several nations were much more populous formerly, than they are now; such as Palestine, Egypt, Greece, Syria, Persia, Barbary, and Spain. India and China, were, probably, as populous as at present, as also Italy, during the most vigorous periods of the Roman Empire. These several countries are capable of feeding as many inhabitants as heretofore, and more so by the aid of modern improvements in agriculture. Why then are they not equally populous, if population has a constant tendency to increase with the rapidity assigned to it? And did the population continually press with violence on the limits of subsistence, it must have excited mankind, at least in the more enlightened and enterprising communities, to greater exertions of skill and industry: so that there would now have been hardly visible any uncultivated wastes upon the surface of the earth.'

Mr. Ingram very sagaciously remarks that the utmost extremity of human misery instead of being found where there is the greatest redundance, has been discovered where there is the most scanty supply, of population.

'I would ask the readers of Mr. Malthus from his own statements, which may be admitted as sufficiently correct for the present purpose;—which are the countries, where the wretchedness and sufferings of the miserable inhabitants are most deplorable? Must we not be immediately compelled to answer;—In those unhappy climes, where the density of population bears the largest proportion to the fertility of the soil? For the most part, the fact is the very reverse. It is in such desolate regions, as Terra del Fuego, Van Diemen's Land, the Andaman Islands, and New Holland, that a few half-starved wretches, covered with filth and vermin, emerging from their thinly

scattered hovels, the stench of which alone is productive of the most loathsome disorders; are contending with each other for a little stinking fish; are climbing trees 80 feet high, with incredible labour, to collect small quantities of honey, that have escaped animal depredation; or are ransacking putrid wood for worms as nauseous as their offensive habitations. In those fertile and hospitable domains, which now support millions of active and intelligent inhabitants in comfort and affluence, that double their population in the space of five-and-twenty years; but three centuries ago, a few vagrant tribes of hunters were disputing with wild beasts the spontaneous productions of an almost universal forest; were miserably perishing under the accumulated pressure of famine, loathsome diseases, and war; or protracting a wretched existence on scanty portions of spiders, ants' eggs, worms, lizards, serpents, and unctuous earths; or were reduced to the direful necessity of supporting life on the flesh of their own children. In some parts of Siberia, the soil consists of a fine black mould of so rich a nature, as not to require, nor even to bear dressing, and is, as might be supposed, of extraordinary fertility; and yet, two hundred years ago, it is said, its population was far inferior in numbers to that of the almost desert tract of North America, and most probably, not less wretched.

'But are there any such appearances of misery in the most populous kingdoms of either ancient or modern times, where the soil perhaps is even of much inferior fertility? Does not the meanest cottager in this country possess articles of accommodation, and sources of comfort, unknown to the most powerful chief in Terra del Fuego or amongst the Indians in North America?'

'The most deplorable instances of wretchedness are to be sought for in the most thinly inhabited communities, rather than the most populous. If so, the sufferings cannot with propriety be attributed to an excess of population, when ample subsistence might be produced with the greatest ease. To what causes, then, are they chiefly to be referred? Manifestly, to indolence, improvidence, insecurity of property, and other such causes connected with vice, and human imperfections. Inspire the same nations with a spirit of industry and activity, render property secure, and persuade them to exchange habits of plunder and rapine for agricultural employments; and they will soon acquire an abundance of subsistence to supply the wants of rapidly increasing population. Thus it seems, that in a vicious, degraded, and unenlightened community, the population presses on the limits of subsistence from the earliest ages. Promote virtue and intelligence, and that period may be extended to almost an unmeasurable distance.'

The means of subsistence cannot be multiplied to any great degree where there is not a general division of labour; but labour cannot be much divided where there is not a re-

dundant population. In a country, which is thinly sprinkled with people, each individual is obliged to concentrate in his own person many different species of industry, from the impediments which are placed in the way of exchanging one commodity for another. The greater the subdivision of labour, the more redundant must be the population; and the greater the consequent facility of exchange. But, as the means of subsistence are multiplied in proportion as the division of labour is increased, it follows that a redundant is more favourable to the increase of the means of subsistence than a scanty population. A maximum of population is most likely to produce a maximun of subsistence by increasing the divisionof labour and augmenting the facility of exchange. Thus subsistence, all other circumstances being equal, will always be found more abundant in a populous country, than in one which is thinly inhabited; and as no country in Europe has hitherto reached its maximum of population or subsistence, and as, till that is the case, the division of labour and the consequent facilities of exchange may be still farther promoted by an increase of population, it is rather the duty of governments to encourage the practice of matrimony, of which Mr. Malthus seems to entertain such alarming apprehensions.

If we afford encouragement to matrimony, Mr. Malthus thinks that accumulated misery will rapidly ensue from a surplus population. More mouths would soon be opened, than bread could by any means be procured to feed. But this conclusion is not warranted by experience; it is on the contrary refuted by experience. The theory of Mr. Malthus is founded on a false assumption of the relative velocity between the production of food and the generation of human beings to consume it. The population of the world has never increased in the ratio which is assumed by Mr. Malthus; and why then should we be afraid lest it ever should so increase? The figures of Mr. Malthus seem incontrovertibly to establish the theory which he wishes to maintain; but unfortunately for his reputation, the experience of ages, which is in such instances the safe criterion of falshood or of truth, refutes his calculations. His theory is arithmetically true, but it is experimentally false. And why should we suffer such a theory as this of Mr. Malthus, which is very specious, but at the same time very fallacious, to harden our hearts in selfishness, and from the dread of some unknown, some improbable, and at best very distant evil, to omit every endeavour which benevolence would otherwise excite us to make, to diminish the actual sum of human misery, and to meliorate the present condition of mankind?

If Mr. Malthus would look around his own neighbourhood, he would probably find that large families in general thrive better than small; but a nation is only another name for a collection of families; and hence we may draw an inference in favour of the prosperity of those states which are abundantly peopled, over those which are defective in population. There is an old proverb, which has consoled many a parent with a large family, that, God never sends mouths, but he sends food for them to eat. The truth is, that every child, by interesting the affections, proves an additional incentive to industry. The parents are incited to redouble their exertions for the support of their progeny, and their toil is sweetened by the dear objects for whose good it is designed. In a large family the industry of the parents is copied by the children. Idleness is loathed as the certain road to misery and want. Hence large families are usually the most industrious and consequently in the great majority of instances flourish most. Thus, however paradoxical it may seem, we do not hesitate to assert that, instead of an increase of food producing an increase of population, the contrary is more true, that an increase of population produces an increase of subsistence. The multiplication of human subsistence is not confined within any narrow limits; and our conviction of the infinite goodness of the Creator leads us to believe that the quantity of the increase, mocks the vain efforts of human calculation; and that, while the world lasts, the production of food may be made to keep pace with the demand. Of the vast link of second causes by which the Deity designed to exercise the intellectual faculty of man, comparatively only a few are yet known. How absurd, how presumptuous, is it then to pretend to circumscribe the productive powers of the earth, or to fix the boundary which it cannot pass! THIS IS NOT A FATHERLESS WORLD. Mr. Malthus has not sufficiently considered this; and the omission has caused him to indulge in a field of erroneous and pernicious speculation.

Mr. Ingram draws the following brief contrast between the doctrine of the Christian scriptures and the sentiments of Mr. Malthus.

'Christ says, or virtually says, "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, take the stranger in." Some particular persons he directed to sell what they had, and give to the poor; and respectful mention is made of one, who gave half of his goods to the poor. But Mr. M. has now taught us, that the distressed poor are intruders; that they have no business, where they are; and that the relief, that is given them, should at least be extremely scanty. Are we to conclude that Christ and his apostles were very short-sighted in their policy,

when they regarded love, or a communication of good offices, as the very basis of the Christian religion, and by doctrine, as well as example, inculcated unremitted beneficence to the souls and bodies of men, and thereby facilitated the rearing of families?'

The great and fundamental defect in the theory of Mr. Malthus is its immoral tendency; its total discrepance with every idea which the serious and rational mind can entertain of the providential and moral government of the world. It seems to exclude the Deity from all interposition in human affairs and from all concern in the happiness of mankind. It makes God at variance with himself; and part of his works irreconcileable with the rest. If it do not deny the importance of virtue; yet it makes vice necessary to check the virtuous propensities of man.

Mr. Ingram concludes his judicious and sensible pamphlet with the following paragraph;

'I have endeavoured to vindicate the counsels of a wise and gracious Providence, and to elucidate the policy of that active, intelligent, and diffusive benevolence, which is the doctrine of the religion, whose very basis is love. I trust, that I have made it appear, that the greatest part of the calamities, we suffer in this imperfect state of existence, proceed from human misconduct or neglect of improving the noble faculties and endowments, with which we are graciously entrusted; and not, as Mr. M. imagines, from those "deep-seated causes of evil, which result from the laws of nature;"—and that vice, and luxury are the chief and most efficacious sources of national imbecility, rather than the bugbear population. I shall rejoice, therefore, if I have deprived the luxurious and dissipated of any one argument for perpetuating their licentious pleasures, or the avaricious for retaining their means of beneficence in their pockets; and if I shall have succeeded in dissipating the gloom, which Mr. M.'s publication appears to have generally diffused amongst his numerous admirers.

ART. VI.—*Claire d'Albe, &c. Clara d'Albe, by Madame Cottin, Author of Elizabeth, Matilda, &c.* 2 *Vols.* 12*mo.* 10*s.* Colburn. 1808.

THIS novel is written in a series of letters, most of which are from Clara d'Albe to her friend Eliza de Biré. The heads of the story are as follow:—Monsieur d'Albe, who is represented as sixty years of age, while his wife is only twenty-two, is the proprietor of an old family chateau, within a few leagues of Tours, where he has established a considerable manufac-

tory. Notwithstanding the great disparity of age between Clara d'Albe and her husband, they are represented as a happy couple. If Clara, who is said to have given her hand to M. d'Albe in compliance with the wish of her parents, were not passionately fond of her spouse, she at least respected him for his integrity, and esteemed him for the benevolence of his heart. Two children, a boy and a girl, were besides an additional pledge of their mutual regard. 'Considering the world,' says Clara to her friend Eliza, 'and looking round among my acquaintance, ought I not to bless my father for having united me to such a man?' But still there were moments when Clara seemed to think that her lot was not so happy as it might have been. She was conscious that the sensation of love had never been kindled in her breast; and she thought that the germ of the passion which was folded in her heart was never likely to be disclosed.

'Doubtless,' said she, 'to solicit the approaches of love would be a crime; and even to harbour the idea is a vice; but believe me, Eliza, that it is rare, very rare, that I dwell at all upon the subject; for the most part, I have only some vague and general ideas which I never indulge. You would do wrong to suppose that they return more frequently in the country; on the contrary, it is there that beneficent occupations and useful cares afford me the most favourable opportunities of escaping from myself. Eliza, I am weary of the world; I meet with nothing in it which pleases me; my eyes are tired with beholding those nullities of existence who conflict in their little sphere for the precedence of a line. He who has seen one man has nothing new to see; there is for ever the same circle of ideas, of sensations, and of phrases, and the most amiable of all will never be any thing more than an amiable man. Ah! leave me to my shade; it is there that musing on a better ideal, I find the happiness which heaven has denied. But do not think, my Eliza, that my lot is the object of my complaint. I should be guilty indeed if it were; for is not my husband the best of men? He loves me; I revere him, and would die for him; and besides, is he not the father of Adolphus and of Laura? How many claims has he to my tenderness! If you knew how much he is delighted with this spot, you would agree that this motive alone ought to attach me to it; every day he expresses his happiness at being here, and his thanks to me for approving it. In every situation he says that he should be happy with his Clara; but here every surrounding object contributes to his delight. The care of his manufacture, the conduct of his workmen, are occupations congenial to his taste; it is besides a means of promoting the prosperity of his village. Thus he employs the idle, and gives bread to the hungry; the women, the children, all work; he is, as it were, the centre and the cause of all the good that is done within ten leagues around. This scene makes him young again. Ah! my friend, had the world as much

attraction as it inspires disgust, I would still remain here; for a woman who loves her husband reckons the days in which she experiences pleasure only as ordinary days, and those, in which she is the means of communicating it, as days of festivity and joy.'

After this incongruous effusion of virtue and of vice, of frivolity and seriousness, in which the sense of duty is not sufficiently strong to prevent the mind from preying on itself, and the heart from being corroded by regrets which the conscience condemned, the reader need not be surprized that she does not in the sequel prove impervious to temptation: and that indeed she yielded apparently to the first that came in her way.

M. d'Albe had a young kinsman by his mother's side, whom, at the age of 19, he receives into his family, treats with the confidence and affection of a son, and makes the superintendant of his business. This young man makes a very important personage in the present novel. At the first glance which Madame d'Albe has of him, she thus describes his appearance, in the language that indicates what may be called intuitive captivation, and which is hardly becoming in a married woman, and particularly a woman of so much delicacy and virtue as Madame Cottin represents Clara to have been:

'He appears to me beautiful, very beautiful. His demeanour is noble, his physiognomy open; he is reserved, and yet not embarrassed.'

In her next letter she says,

'This young man is very interesting. He has been entirely brought up among the Cevennes; and his residence on these mountains has given as much suppleness and activity to his body as originality to his mind and candour to his character. He is totally ignorant of our usages. If we are at a door and he is in a hurry, he goes through first; at table, when he is hungry, he helps himself to what he wants without waiting to be asked. He has no reserve in asking any thing that he wants to know, and his questions would be often indiscreet, if it were not evident that he asks them only because he is ignorant that they ought not to be mentioned. For myself I love that novel character which shews itself without disguise, that naked frankness, which makes him deficient in politeness but never in complaisance, because the gratification of others constitutes one of his wants.'

M. d'Albe, who is by no means depicted as a jealous husband, places young Frederic, who is still a stranger to the world, in a great measure under the sage instructions of his

wife. 'Behold me,' says she to Clara, 'erected into the grave preceptor of a young man of nineteen!' While M. d'Albe is engaged with his manufactory and his workmen, his lady and his kinsman pass a great deal of their time together; and they often walk in the deep woods which hang over the Loire. Thus the two parties are represented as insensibly imbibing a passion for each other, before they have meditated on the consequences or are conscious of the guilt. Eliza de Biré, who discerns the dangerous tendency of her friend's originally innocent admiration of Frederic, admonishes her to repress her fondness, and to beware of the effects. But Clara, who designs no evil, trusts too much to her own sense of duty and strength of principle, and keeps gradually imbibing the poison till no antidote can be found.

The first dawn of love in the simple and untutored bosom of Frederic is thus described;

'This afternoon,' says Clara, writing to Eliza le Biré, 'we were alone, my little girl was sitting on my knee and I was endeavouring to make her pronounce my name. The appellation of mother recalled what we had been talking about the preceding evening, and I asked Frederic why he gave the name of father to M. d'Albe. "Because I have lost my own," said he, "and his goodness supplies the place." But your mother is dead also, you must put me in her place. "You!—oh, no!" "Why not?" "I remember my mother, and what I felt for her has no resemblance to the feeling which you inspire."—"You loved her much more than me?"—"I loved her in a manner totally different; I was quite at my ease with her, but the sight of you often produces embarrassment.—I was incessantly embracing her. . . . . —"Could you not embrace me then?"—"No; you are much too beautiful."—"Is this a reason?"—"It is at least a difference. I embraced my mother without thinking of her figure; but with you I could think of nothing else."

The passion of Frederic which was thus early conceived is soon so far developed that it is impossible for Clara not to discern that she was the object, while her own heart too forcibly informs her that it is mutual. She still however seems to think herself incapable of any criminal sentiment; and she takes no timely precaution against the ruin which threatened her own honour and the peace of her family. For awhile she contrives to hide the peril of her own situation from herself by cherishing the delusive supposition that the love of Frederic is nothing more than the sentiment of friendship.

'Is not friendship,' says she, 'far from being a cold sentiment? Has it not its emotions, its transports? but they preserve their

physiognomy, and when we confound them with a more impassioned sensation it is not the feeling but the judgment that is in fault. Frederic experiences the feeling of friendship for the first time in his life, and he expresses it with vivacity. Do you not remark that the image of my husband is always connected with mine in his heart? When I see him so tenderly attached to M. d'Albe, so assiduous in his attentions to a man of sixty, when I recollect the effusions of similar regard which we both experience, can I wonder that Frederic has conceived a lively friendship for me? Say, if you please that he ought to be insensible to the feeling; but do not say that it is not as it ought to be.'

This insidious sophistry was far from extraordinary in such a situation.

In the 18th letter, Clara acknowledges that the friendship of Frederic was a very different sentiment. She there relates an incident which induced him to make an open avowal of his love; the situation into which the parties are brought is rather interesting, but there is something rather too *glowing* in the description. Clara and her husband with Frederic and a young lady named Adèle were walking in the meadows which are watered by the Loire, when they were suddenly assailed by a wild bull; and M. d'Albe would have been the victim of his rage if Frederic had not hazarded his life to save that of his benefactor. Calling forth all his strength, he seized the animal by the horns, and kept contending with him till some shepherds came up who felled the furious beast to the ground. But before this could be accomplished he had succeeded in goring an old man; and the blood gushed from the wound. Clara stanched it with her handkerchief; and the poor man was borne to his cottage accompanied by Clara and by Frederic. The poor man had a wife and numerous family, who were thrown into the utmost consternation by the accident. A surgeon was sent for, who appeased their alarm by declaring that the wound was not mortal. As night set in, Clara fearing that her husband would be uneasy at her absence quitted the cottage, with the benedictions of the family. We shall translate part of what follows as a specimen of the work.

'My heart was still vibrating with the different emotions which I had experienced. I walked on in silent meditation on what had passed. I recalled the heroic intrepidity with which Frederic had exposed himself to almost certain death in order to save the life of his father. I cast my eyes on him; the moon beamed mildly on his visage, and I saw it suffused with tears. Softened into tenderness, I went up to him; my arm rested on his bosom; he pressed it with eagerness to his heart; this caused mine to palpitate. Clara, Cla-

ra, he exclaimed with a half stifled voice; how cheerfully would I sacrifice my life for the prolongation of this instant. My heart now touches all that I hold dear; I see her; I press her to my soul; in truth I was almost in his arms. Hear me, he added in a sort of frenzy, if you are not an angel whom I ought to adore and whom heaven has lent for some moments to the earth; if you are really a human being tell me why you alone of all your sex have received that soul, that look, that profusion of virtues and of charms, which render you the object of my idolatry? Clara, I know not whether I offend you, but as my life breathes only in your veins and depends only on your will, tell me if I am guilty in your sight; bid me die, and you will see me expire at your feet. He had already fallen therein fact, his forehead was burning, and his look wild. I will not paint what I experienced; my bosom thrilled with compassion, tenderness, and love in short, such as it was perhaps my destiny to feel; I supported myself with difficulty till I sat down on the trunk of an old tree which was stripped of its leaves. Frederic, I exclaimed, dear Frederic, return to yourself; resume your reason; why will you distress your friend? He raised his head; he reclined it on my knees; Eliza I believe that I pressed it with my hand, for he soon exclaimed: O Clara, that motion of your hand which brings me closer to your bosom imparts ecstasy to mine. Saying this, he folded me in his arms, my head fell on his shoulder; a deluge of tears was my reply, this unhappy man had so worked on my compassion. Ah when we are the cause of so much suffering, and when the sufferer is a friend, have, I Eliza, no excuse for the weakness which I showed? I was so close to him that I felt the impression of his lips which caught my tears. This new sensation made me summon my resentment to my aid, and pushing Frederic from me with violence, Wretch! I exclaimed, can you forget that your benefactor, that your father is the husband of her whom you have the presumption to love? Can you, you Frederic, be perfidious? be yourself again; treachery is ill suited for your generous heart. He rose instantly up and gazing on me with affright, What have you said? ah, what have you said, inconceivable Clara? I forget every thing in your presence; but your reproof, like a clap of thunder, makes me sensible of my duty and my crime. Adieu; I am going to depart, adieu: this is the last time which shall see us together. Clara, Clara, farewell. He went away; alarmed at his intention, I called him in a tone of despair, he heard me and returned. Hear me, said I, the good man whose confidence you have betrayed, is ignorant of the wrong which you have done him; if he suspected it, his peace would be destroyed. Frederic, there is only one way by which you can expiate your fault, and that is by annihilating the sentiment which has caused it. If you run away what will your benefactor think? that you are perfidious and an ingrate; you, his child! his friend! No; no; you must still conceal what is past and dissemble what you feel; it is a dreadful punishment, I allow, but the guilty ought to suffer, he should efface his crime by enduring all the woe it brings. Frederic made no reply, he seemed petrified; suddenly the noise of

horses was heard; I perceived the carriage which M. d'Albe had sent to meet me, &c. &c.'

In the above passage, though madame Cottin evidently designed it to be highly pathetic, the reader will no doubt discover in some parts a rather close approximation to the ridiculous and absurd.

After this adventure Clara resolves studiously to avoid being alone with Frederic; and, when she is accidentally placed in that situation, she determines that her extreme coldness shall deprive him of all hopes of profiting by the interview. But these resolutions, like those of lovers in general, were very fugitive, and the fluctuating inconstancy of Clara is very naturally and very ably described. Even in the 18th letter, after the proof which she has furnished of harbouring a very different sentiment, she says;

'I call heaven to witness that it is friendship alone which attaches me to Frederic;' but in one of her next communications to Eliza, she says,' I adore Frederic; he is the only object in the world that attracts my notice; he knows it, and it is my delight to let him know it; if he were here now I would tell him so again, for in the present aberrations of my mind, I am no longer myself.'

In the 27th letter we have the description of another solitary interview with Frederic, in which her former courageous resolutions of appalling him by the coldness of her behaviour are forgotten; and yielding to the violence of her passion she makes a full and unreserved avowal of her love, but still she preserved her honour from violation.

'The lips of Frederic,' says Clara, 'were close to mine, I was undone, if virtue had not made a last effort to rend the voluptuous veil, which obscured my sight. Tearing myself from the arms of Frederic, I fell prostrate at his feet. Oh, spare me, I conjure you, spare me,' I exclaimed; 'render me not vile in order that you may love me still. In this moment of extravagance, in which I am entirely in your power, you may, I know, gain an easy victory; but if I am yours to-day, I shall be to-morrow in the grave. I swear it in the name of honour which I outrage, but which is more necessary to the life of Clara than the air which she breathes. Frederic, Frederic, behold me prostrate, humiliated at your feet, and merit her eternal gratitude, by forbearing to render her the vilest of the vile.' 'Frederic retired with precipitation. I withdrew to my chamber; a long swoon succeeded these lively agitations. When I came to myself I saw my husband leaning over my bed; I pushed him away with terror and alarm, I thought that I beheld the arbiter of my destiny who was going to pronounce my sentence. How are you my love, my Clara, said he, in a sympathizing tone; it is your husband who holds out his hand to you; I was silent, I felt that if I had spoken, I should have disclosed every thing. Perhaps I ought to have done it, I felt instinctively impelled to do

it; the confession quivered on my lips, but reflection prevented the utterance. Far be from me that barbarous frankness, which might have solaced me at his expence. By remaining silent, I felt the accumulated weight of his misery and my own; the disclosure of the truth would only have communicated to him a part of the grief which ought to be exclusively mine.' 'Retired from the world,' says Clara, in the same letter, 'I was peaceful in my retreat; happy in the happiness of my husband I cherished no desire beyond it. He introduces a charming young man endowed with all that there is exalted in virtue, amiable in disposition, seductive in simplicity. He tells me to cherish him as my friend; he leaves us incessantly together; in the morning, in the evening, every where and at all times he is the object placed before me. Continually alone, in the shade, in the midst of nature's most smiling views, we must have been born to hate if we had not learned to love. Imprudent spouse! why thus associate two beings whom a mutual sympathy seemed so forcibly to attract? two beings who, strangers to love, might feel all the first impressions without knowing it? Why invelop them in the dangerous veil of friendship which served so long as a pretext for concealing their real sentiments.'

Clara remains dubious whether her husband is acquainted with her passion, but the consciousness of her own guilt makes her entertain the most dreadful apprehensions. She resolves however never more to see Frederic. Too much presumption, said she, has undone me, and I will no longer trust myself. She even prohibits him from writing to her, for she says 'your letters are so tender that I involuntarily press them to my lips, and place them near my heart though it is only poison which they breathe.'

'Frederic,' says Clara, in her last letter to him, 'I love you, and I never loved any but you; but can I purchase your happiness by perfidy? Frederic, you would not wish it. Insensate, you wish that Clara should be yours, only yours: is she then at liberty to make a choice?' And whom do you wish that she should betray? her husband and thy benefactor; he who made you the friend of his bosom; whose confidence placed in your hands the whole treasure of his bliss. An assassin would deprive him only of his life; and would you in return for his goodness, bring dishonour on his house, ravish his companion, and replace by adultery and treason the candour and the virtue which prevailed here till you forced them away? Consider the subject, Frederic, and tell me whether there be a monster of depravity that could do more than you? Can your heart be deaf to that voice which tells you that you are tearing asunder the ties of hospitality and gratitude?

On the departure of Frederic from the house of M. d'Albe to that of Eliza De Biré the friend of Clara, Clara at first assumed a forced gaiety, and afterwards sunk into a dejection against which she struggled in vain, and which seemed to be rapidly hurrying her to the tomb. All correspondence

between her and Frederic was prevented; and the real situation of one was carefully concealed from the other. But Frederic accidentally hears from a person who has come from the house of M. d'Albe that Clara is dangerously ill. He flies with precipitation to the spot, he finds her pale and languid reclined under the shade of some poplars, in the garden of M. d'Albe. The lovers talk in a strain more than usually extravagant at this concluding interview. For instance, Clara, gently repressing the ardent impatience of Frederic, and surveying him with a look of surprize says,

'O thou who art the image of him whom I loved so much! thou who art the shade of that Frederic whom I regarded as my god! tell me, dost thou descend from the celestial abodes to inform me that my last hour is nigh? and art thou the angel who art destined to direct me to the regions of eternity.'

But however after this sublime effusion the two parties prove to be very flesh and blood! We shall not say what follows, except that Frederic is represented as more gross and Clara more compliant than either had hitherto been. But shame, horror and remorse are depicted as the only fruits of what Madame Cottin calls '*cette jouissance delicieuse et unique, rare et divine, comme le sentiment qui l'a créé.* The loss of honour which Clara has sustained is soon followed by that of life. Her death bed is described as one of sorrow and contrition. We shall translate a part of the closing scene: Clara is addressing her husband, who together with Eliza is standing by her bed.

'Weep not, my friend, you are not yet going to lose me, but when in a moment of scandalous weakness I authorized the love of Frederic, when, under the impression of a specious sophistry, I showed a want of confidence in you for the first time, it was then that, ceasing to be myself, I ceased to exist for you. From the instant that I deviated from my principles, the sacred ties by which we were united were broken, and left me without a stay in the gulph of doubt. Then I became the victim of seduction which fascinated my eyes, quenched the sacred flame of virtue in my heart, and insinuated its influence through all my senses. Instead of flying from the evil spell by which I was enchanted I approved the effect and then my ruin became inevitable. O my Eliza! continued she, in a more elevated tone, you, who will become a mother to my children, I do not recommend my son to your protection, for he will have examples of virtue in his father; but watch over my Laura, and let her interest outweigh even your friendship for me. If any virtues adorned my life, tell her that my error effaced them all; when you relate to her the cause of my death, be wary of excusing it; for that would be to interest her in my crime. Let her know that what proved my destruction was the sophistry which coloured vice with the charms of virtue. Tell her that he who disguises virtue is even more guilty

than he who despises it; for when we make it serve only as a veil to the opposite, we are deceived, we are bewildered, and we pass the boundary of vice when we think that we are keeping within the confines of virtue. In short Eliza, added she, while her voice began to fail, repeat often to my Laura, that if some friend had boldly stripped my love of the fallacious blandishments with which I had invested it, if I had been plainly told that she who enters into a compromise with honour, has already lost it, and that the effects of vice must for ever be remorse and shame, I might then have vanquished the sentiment which has brought me to the grave.—Here Clara could proceed no farther; she in vain endeavoured to finish the sentence which she had begun, her ideas were disturbed and her feeble tongue could pronounce only some disconnected words.—After a short interval she demanded the blessing of her husband; on receiving it, a beam of joy seemed to reanimate her languid eyes. At present I die in peace, said she. I can now appear before God.—I have offended you more than him, he will not be more severe than you.—Then casting on him a last look, and pressing the hand of her friend in hers, she pronounced the name of Frederic with a sigh and expired.'

We have no farther account of what became of Frederic. The author says,' no person ever knew what became of him;' it is only said that, at the funeral of Clara

'A stranger muffled up in a great coat, and with a slouched hat followed the procession in a profound silence, and that at the instant when the coffin was let down into the earth he leaped up and fell flat with his face in the dust; and that as soon as the grave was filled up he fled with precipitation, crying out, 'At present I am alone, but I shall soon be thy companion in the grave.'

Such is the end of this romantic tale: marks of no inconsiderable talent are visible in the execution. The characters are few, and the story is not perplexed with episodes. The unity of the plot conduces to the preservation of the interest. The language is often elegant, but often hyperbolical and extravagant after the manner of the French school. The varying sensations, the absurdities and inconsistencies of the tender passion, are well described, and the conflict between the sensation of love and the sense of duty in the bosom of Clara is depicted with considerable vivacity and effect. Many of the sentiments are just, and some of the observations are those of an author who has studied the human heart. There are some passages very reprehensible, as they may tend to corrupt those persons by whom novels are perused with most avidity and delight: but the author evidently designed the catastrophe to leave on the female reader an impression favourable to the faithful observance of her conjugal vows, even in circumstances which, like those of Madame d'Albe, seem to furnish the strongest incentives to the violation.

ART. VII.—*A new System of Chemical Philosophy. Part I. By John Dalton.* 8vo. Bickerstaff. 1808.

MR. Dalton's credit as a chemical philosopher, and a patient investigator of the laws of nature, is so well established, that it is needless to say, that whatever issues from his pen, ought to be received with respectful attention. We shall therefore enter upon the contents of the work before us, without any farther exordium.

This first part of Mr. Dalton's System is divided into three chapters: the first *on heat or caloric*; the second, *on the constitution of bodies*; the third *on chemical synthesis.*

Heat or caloric, Mr. Dalton supposes not to be a quality of corporeal substances, but an elastic fluid of great subtlety, the particles of which repel each other, but are attracted by all other bodies. Mr. Dalton, however, like all other philosophers attached to this hypothesis, seems to us to assume in his premises, the very point which should be proved in his conclusion. Certain circumstances are universally stated as affording to bodies exposed to them *equal increments of heat*. This assumption is completely begging the question. If heat be a quality, there may be degrees of intensity, as there are degrees of intensity, of sound or light, but there cannot be equal increments. Arbitrary measures may be assumed to denote fixed states of intensity. But these cannot be measures of any thing absolutely added or taken away from the body. Nor does their utility depend upon any such hypothesis. Their real utility is to produce an uniformity both in observations and in language; to assure to persons engaged in experiments, that any body whatever, on which observations are to be made, is put precisely in the required condition, and to investigate whether the results are uniform or otherwise.

The expansion of mercury is supposed to be equable, that is to say, proportional to supposed equal increments of heat; on which account it is adopted as a scale of its measure. Mr. D. shows in his chapter on *temperature*, that this cannot be correct. Two reasons oppose it.

'1st. The mixture of water of different temperatures is always *below* the mean by the mercurial thermometer; for instance, water of 32° and 212° being mixed, gives 119° by the thermometer; whereas it appears from the preceding remarks that the temperature of such mean ought to be found above the mean 122°.2d. Mercury appears by the most recent experiments to expand by the same law as water,

namely, as the square of the temperature from the point of greatest density. The apparently equal expansion of mercury arises from our taking a small portion of the scale of expansion, and that at some distance from the freezing point of the liquid.

'From what has been remarked it appears that we have not yet any mode easily practicable for ascertaining what is the true mean between any two temperatures, as those of freezing and boiling water; nor any thermometer which can be considered as approximating nearly to accuracy.'

Mr. D. seems to think it a general law, that all pure homogeneous liquids, as water and mercury, expand from their point of congelation, or greatest density, a quantity always as the square of the temperature from that point. But in order to establish this law, a thermometer must be used not graduated by a scale with equal differences, as in the ordinary way; but one with its lower degrees smaller and its upper higher, corresponding to hypothetical equal increments of heat at different points of the scale. These very increments, however, are applied not to a body in its ordinary state expanding in proportion to its heat; but to one that shall be made to preserve an uniform bulk and capacity. These suppositions, it is obvious, render it almost impossible to construct a thermometer experimentally upon this principle. A common thermometer may have its scale divided so by the assistance of a complex calculation; but for the real use of a measure of heat, that of being certain that a body is at the precise point of heat we require, or to ascertain the precise point when it is doubtful, the common scale will answer every purpose.

In the construction of his scale, Mr. D. assumes the common points of Fahrenheit's scale 32° and 212° for the freezing and boiling points. The first number in the column 175° denotes the point at which mercury freezes, marked on the common scale 40°. The calculations are made for every 10° from 68°—to 212°; above the last number for every 100°. What is marked 110° on the common scale, Mr. Dalton marks 122°, the numerical medium between 32 and 212, apprehending that the true mean temperature may be at this point of Fahrenheit. But the differences below 32° and above 212, become more remarkable. In the lowest part of the scale the divisions being shorter, of course they are more numerous and the numbers higher, — 75° we have seen to correspond with — 40. In the higher part of the scale the divisions being longer, are the less numerous, and the numbers lower. 642° the highest point of the old scale is marked 462° on Mr. Dalton's. According to this construction there must be one point at which the length of a degree upon the old and new

scale must be exactly the same; from thence they must diverge each way, become gradually smaller downwards, and larger upwards. But Mr. Dalton has not informed us what is this precise point on his scale.

We meet with some very neat experiments to show the different capacity of water at different temperatures. As the account is very short we will transcribe it.

'I took a vessel of tinned iron, the capacity of which was found equal to 2 oz. of water; into this were put 58 oz. of water, making the sum = 60 oz. of water. The whole was raised to any proposed temperature, and then two ounces of ice were put in and melted, the temperature was then observed, as follows:

60 oz. water of 212° + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave 200°½
60 oz. water of 130° + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave 122°
60 oz. water of 50 + 2 oz. ice of 32° gave 45°3

'From the first of these 30 parts of water, lost 11°½ each, or 345° and one part of water of 32° gained 168½. The difference 345 − 168½, = 176½, expresses the number of degrees of temperature (such as are found between 200 and 212 of the old scale) entering into ice of 32° to convert it into water of 32° Similar calculations being made for the other two, we find in the second 150°, and in the third 138°. These three resulting numbers are nearly as 5, 6 and 7. Hence it follows that as much heat is necessary to raise water, 5° in the lower part of the old scale, as is required to raise it 7 in the higher, and 6° in the middle.'

Mr. Dalton proceeds to consider the principal effects of heat, and other questions concerning its nature, and its relation to the constitution of bodies. But his reasonings are so much, from the nature of his subject, involved in arithmetical calculations, that we find it impossible to follow him regularly with advantage to our readers, and must therefore confine ourselves to particular inferences, or detached experiments. We must content ourselves with saying, in general, that the most important points on this curious but abstruse subject, are discussed, and several new and ingenious conjectures are offered, as the different questions pass in review before him.

That water is not at its greatest point of density at its freezing point; that it can be cooled many degrees below its freezing point, if it be kept perfectly at rest; and that by a slight agitation it may be suddenly congealed, and of course in this process becomes much warmer, are properties equally curious and surprising. It is not easy to determine the precise point at which water arrives at its greatest point of condensation; it is obvious this determination depends on obtaining with perfect precision the expansion of

the vessel in which it is contained. Dr. Hope has fixed this point at 40° of Fahrenheit. Mr. Dalton (who had formerly espoused the opinion that the freezing point was that of the greatest contraction) is now inclined to fix it at 36°. His experiments, on which he founds this conclusion, are not all of them wholly uniform; but the reasoning we deem unexceptionable.

In a subsequent chapter on *Congelation*, we have an attempt to explain the mode in which this dilatation takes place, to which we cannot deny the praise of considerable ingenuity. He supposes that at the temperature of the greatest density the spherical organic particles of water are disposed in layers, and each superior stratum is so disposed that every individual particle is received into the cavity made by four contiguous particles of the stratum below. This is a perpendicular arrangement, like a square pile of shot. Now if this square pile be made suddenly to assume a rhomboidal form it will be found that by this change the base of the pile will be made smaller, but its height will be increased; and by a calculation Mr. Dalton estimates that the first arrangement contains more particles in a given space than the second by 6 per cent.

'The last, or rhomboidal arrangement is that which the particles of water assume upon congelation. The specific gravity of ice and water should therefore be as 94 to 100. But it should be remembered that water usually contains 2 per cent. in bulk of atmospheric air; and that this air is liberated upon congelation; and is commonly entangled amongst the ice in such sort as to increase its bulk without materially increasing its weight; this reduces the specific gravity of ice 2 per cent. or makes it 92, which agrees exactly with observation.'

As the molecules of ice are formed of rhomboids with angles of 60°, this theory is at least plausible; but when Mr. Dalton states that a 'change from the square to the rhomboidal arrangement is in all probability made both by *the addition and abstraction of heat*,' we can hardly avoid recalling to our minds the fable of the traveller, who blew hot and cold with the same mouth. We are afraid that Mr. Dalton is a little too fond of accounting for every thing, though it would be often more ingenuous to acknowledge ignorance.

On the *Constitution of the Elastic Fluids*, we confess that we have received far more pleasure from the speculations of Mr. Dalton, than from his treatise on Caloric. In the last we have but a repetition of doctrines which rest upon a very uncertain foundation: but in the former he is an original thinker.

If two elastic fluids of different species, as hydrogen and azote, which in their elastic form have no affinity for each other, be brought together, they become uniformly diffused, whatever be the difference of their specific gravities, and occupy the same space as they both did when separate.

We cannot but agree with Mr. Dalton that in this phenomenon there is no sign of this union being a consequence of chemical affinity. In chemical combination there is always either a change of temperature, or a change of bulk, or both. To account for this fact, Mr. Dalton assumes it as an axiom,

'That every species of pure elastic fluid has its particles globular, and all of a size; but that no two species agree in the size of their particles, the pressure and temperature being the same.'

It is well known that our author proposed a theory on the subject of mixed gases, which has attracted the notice and received the animadversions of some of the most eminent chemical philosophers. The basis of this theory was that the gases exercised no solvent powers on each other; that they existed in a state of mutual diffusion merely; that even water existing in the atmosphere in the state of vapour, is not dissolved by the air, but exists independently of it; so that there is properly an aqueous atmosphere; an atmosphere of oxygen; an atmosphere of azote; and an atmosphere of carbonic acid: and if any one of these were annihilated, the others would remain exactly as they are at present, except that they would not occupy the same space.

With regard to water, it is strongly in favour of this theory, that every gas apparently takes up exactly the same quantity of water; that if a gas be condensed, still it receives neither more nor less aqueous vapour; the torricellian vacuum *dissolves* (if the phrase be admissible) aqueous vapour, and the vapour in such vacuum is precisely the same in quantity and force as in the like volume of any kind of air of extreme moisture.

As according to this theory elastic fluids do not act upon each other, Berthollet has asked,

'Is such a division of the same pressure of the atmosphere analogous with any physical property yet known? Can it be conceived that an elastic substance exists, which adds its volume to that of another, and which nevertheless does not act upon it by its elastic force?'

Mr. Dalton answers,

'Certainly, we cannot only conceive it, but bring an instance

which must be allowed to be in point. Two magnets repel each other, that is, act upon each other with an expansive force; yet they do not act upon other bodies in the same way; but merely as inelastic bodies; and this no doubt would be the same if they were reduced to atoms. So two particles of the same kind of air may act upon each other elastically, and upon other bodies inelastically, and therefore not at all unless when in contact.'

In answer to some other of the objections of Berthollet, we think our author equally successful.

We will not, however, pretend to decide upon the merits of Mr. Dalton's theory. He allows that from the common principles of hydrostatics, each particle of a fluid should sustain the whole pressure; and acknowledges that the leading feature of his theory consists 'in the renunciation of that hydrostatical principle.' According to him, each particle of elastic fluid repels the same kind, but is wholly quiescent upon particles of a different species. We are not surprized that philosophers are not ready to admit a system which has for its basis a position which is in opposition to what has been deemed a fundamental maxim in physics. We think it fair, however, to hear the author's defence of it, and to give an account of the modifications, of which mature reflection has suggested to him the necessity. In his present view of the subject he has renounced, if we mistake him not, the postulatum, that the particles of different gases are mutually inelastic.

'When we contemplate *upon* the disposition of the globular particles in a volume of pure elastic fluid, we must perceive it must be analagous to that of a square pile of shot, the particles must be disposed into horizontal strata, each four particles forming a square: in a superior stratum each particle rests upon four particles below, the point of its contact being 45° above the horizontal plane, or that plane which passes through the centre of the four particles. On this account the pressure is steady and uniform throughout. But when a measure of one gas is presented to a measure of another in any vessel, we have then a surface of elastic globular particles of one size in contact with an equal surface of particles of another: in such case the points of contact of the heterogeneous particles must vary all the way from 40° to 90°; an intestine motion must arise from this inequality, and the particles of one kind be propelled amongst those of the other. The same cause which prevented the two elastic surfaces from maintaining an equilibrium, will always subsist, the particles of one kind being from their size unable to apply properly to the other, so that no equilibrium can ever take place amongst the heterogeneous particles. The intestine motion must therefore continue till the particles arrive at the opposite surface of the vessel against any point of which they can rest with stability, and the equilibrium at length is acquired when each gas is

uniformly diffused through the other. In the open atmosphere no equilibrium can take place in such case till the particles have ascended so far as to be restrained by their own weight; that is, till they constitute a distinct atmosphere.

'It is remarkable that when two equal measures of different gases are thus diffused, and sustain an invaried pressure, as that of the atmosphere, the pressure upon each particle after the mixture is less than before. This points out the active principle of diffusion; for, particles of fluids are always disposed to move to that situation where the pressure is least. Thus in a mixture of equal measures of oxygen and hydrogen, the common pressure on each particle before mixture being denoted by one, that after the mixture when the gas becomes of half its density will be denoted by $3\sqrt{\frac{1}{2}} = .794$.

'This view of the constitution of mixed gases agrees with that which I have given before in the two following particulars, which I consider as essential to every theory on the subject to give it plausibility.

'1st. The diffusion of gases through each other is effected by means of the repulsion belonging to the homogenous particles; or to that principle which is always energetic to produce the dilatation of the gas.

'2d. When any two or more mixed gases acquire an equilibrium, the elastic energy of each against the surface of the vessel, or of any liquid, is precisely the same as if it were the only gas present occupying the whole space, and all the rest were withdrawn.'

As Mr. Dalton conceives the diffusion of a vapour through the air to be independent of chemical attraction, he believes likewise that the mixture of gases with water is merely mechanical; the elasticity and other properties of the gases being retained in the mixture, as if the water was not present.

The third chapter on Chemical Synthesis is a very short one, and is a sort of *coup d'œil* of the principles which the author adopts in the part of his work which is still unpublished, and the results which he has obtained from his investigations. It is of much consequence, he conceives, to determine not merely the relative weights of the simples, which constitute a compound, but the relative weights of the ultimate particles or atoms, of which bodies are constituted. And he announces it as one great object of his work

'to shew the importance and advantage of ascertaining *the relative weights of the ultimate particles, both of simple and compound bodies, the number of simple elementary particles, which constitute one compound particle, and the number of less compound particles which enter into the formation of one more compound particle.*'

He has annexed conclusions on this head, deduced, as he

informs us, from chemical facts already well ascertained. The relative weights of the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen composing water, for example, are as 1:7 nearly. In ammonia the weights of the atoms of hydrogen and azote are as 1.5 nearly, and so forth.

What great advantage can accrue to science from this corpuscular system, we confess we do not distinctly see. We are rather of opinion that all sound philosophy is versed about real entities; about the things which actually do, or at least which we might, see, or hear, or feel. But we are unwilling to prejudge a laborious and intelligent author, and shall abstain from an opinion of the general merit of his speculations, till we have the whole system fairly before us.

ART. VIII.—*The Harleian Miscellany: a Collection of scarce, curious, and entertaining Pamphlets and Tracts, as well in Manuscript as in Print. Selected from the Library of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford. Interspersed with historical, political, and critical Annotations, by the late William Oldys, Esq. and some additional Notes by Thomas Park, F. S. A. Vol. I. 4to.* White, 1808.

THE original publication of this celebrated collection was accompanied by an introduction, which Mr. Park, the present editor, on Boswell's authority, ascribes to Dr. Johnson, and which, indeed, bears strong internal evidence of its author. The work itself is so well known to all men of historical research, and has been so long considered as of established importance in the illustration of the most interesting periods of our national annals, that it would be superfluous in us to say any thing in explanation of its design. Indeed, as Dr. Johnson observes, 'the scheme of the miscellany is so obvious that the title alone is sufficient to explain it.' To the same introduction we refer our readers for an eloquent and, for the most part, a very just estimate of the value of such collections in a nation where, by reason of the freedom of the press, so much valuable history of the day is dispersed abroad in the form of pamphlets and newspapers.

In compiling the original work, we are of opinion, however, that the greatest judgment should have been engaged to select only such pieces as were of real intrinsic value, and worthy of the attention of posterity; and notwithstanding the high character which Mr. Oldys obtained among his

contemporaries, we really question if a more improper person could have been found for the task. We will venture to assert that of all the pieces contained in the present volume, scarcely one half could, at the time of its publication, have been thought really deserving of being rescued from destruction; and, of the remaining portion, we believe that more than half might now be suffered to sink into the grave of time without the regret or notice of the present age.

Mr. Park informs us that the extreme scarcity of the original work and the difficulty of procuring a complete set have been his principal motives for engaging in this republication. The celebrity of the work is, perhaps, a sufficient excuse for the enterprise: and it has been so long considered as an essential portion of antiquarian and historical libraries that we are far from prognosticating that he will not meet with the return which in a commercial point of view he probably expects in his speculation. But, however averse we may be, in general, to the plan of *abridgments* of old established works, we cannot hesitate, in the present instance, to declare our opinion that Mr. Park would have done a greater service to the cause of literature by reducing the miscellany from eight, to three or four volumes at the most, if not to two. We do not mean in this to comprise the two additional volumes which Mr. Park has promised us, since we have no intimation of their contents; but we shall think it somewhat extraordinary, should it prove that Mr. Oldys, when he admitted so many insignificant articles into his collection, neglected such a number of really valuable ones as to fill two of these bulky volumes when taken in hand by a future compiler.

Our second strong objection to the plan of this miscellany is its want of connection. It seems that the original compiler would not even give himself the trouble to examine what he was about, but picked up pamphlet after pamphlet as they lay before him on the floor, and, without waiting to dust them or brush off the cobwebs, sent them, as fast as he could gather them together, to the printer. The reason assigned in the introduction above mentioned for this want of arrangement is surely the most childish that was ever invented.

'Those who have gone before us, in undertakings of this kind, have ranged the pamphlets, which chance threw into their hands, without any regard either to the subject on which they treated, or the time in which they were written; a practice, in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular circumstances of times and things, and most interesting and entertaining to the reader.

'Of the different methods which present themselves, upon the first view of the great heaps of pamphlets, which the Harleian Library exhibits; the two which merit most attention, are to distribute the treatises according to their subjects or their dates, but neither of these ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our collection in order of time, we must necessarily publish those pieces first, which least engage the curiosity of the bulk of mankind, and our design must fall to the ground for want of encouragement, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general regard: by confining ourselves any long time to any single subject, we shall reduce our readers to one class, and, as we shall lose all the grace of variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one objection of equal force against both these methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the advantage of any future discoveries, and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the pamphlets which have been written in any age or on any subject.' Introd. P. 17.

So that, in fact, because the original publication came out in numbers, the collector thought it necessary to make each number an entertaining breakfast-table lounge, at the expence of rendering a work, which was calculated to be of the most grave historical importance, such a 'rudis indigestaque moles,' as the world never before witnessed. As for the second excuse offered in the passage we have cited, nothing can be more lame. Surely the undertakers of so great a work might have taken time enough to arrange *all* their materials before the publication of *any part*; and, if in the execution of so extensive a plan, some pieces were forgotten in the proper place, which required or deserved insertion, where would have been the difficulty in making an appendix of such casual omissions?

It may be supposed that we think the blame which we have imputed to the original collector, equally attaches to the present editor who, with all the materials before him, could certainly have found no difficulty in making the arrangement which was at first so strangely and unnecessarily neglected. We confess that we are not at all satisfied with the reason which he assigns for not having done so, which is simply '*the well-established credit of the principal compiler, together with the honourable testimony borne by Dr. Johnson to the merits of the work.*' But there is another reason which makes us perhaps hesitate in deciding that he is wrong in following the *no-arrangement* of the original miscellany. That miscellany, from the importance of many of its contents, is now become a standard book of reference; and all who are in the habits of study must be aware of the great inconvenience which attends any altera-

tion, even in the *paging*, of a work which is often and familiarly cited. Since then Mr. Park has thought fit to republish the *entire* collection, we at least think that there is a better reason than any he has given for republishing it in its original form.

With regard to the 'Historical, Political, and Critical Annotations' which Mr. Oldys is stated in the title page to have interspersed through the work, and also the 'additional Notes' which the present editor thinks it necessary to inform us he has been at the trouble of inserting, we can only say, that we believe no book of so great a bulk and of such a variety of materials was ever accompanied by so small a portion of such bald and insignificant commentary. It may be alleged that detached pieces of history, all of them comprized within the period between Elizabeth and George the first, stand in no great need of elaborate illustration. But if so, why pretend to illustrate them at all? We are no friends to the modern practice of making books by the help of an indiscriminate mass of useless annotation; but surely where the very title-page promises 'historical, political, and critical annotations,' by a scholar of so much reputed antiquarian knowledge as Mr. Oldys, the reader is led to expect some information rather more new and more valuable than that 'Neptune was god of the sea,' and 'Pallas, another name for Minerva goddess of wisdom.' These profound and necessary explanations actually occur in the volume before us, and it actually contains very few that are at all *more* profound or *more* important.* Mr. Park's 'additional notes,' are more scanty and not much more valuable than his predecessor's. We have not been able to discover more than two for which we can thank him. The first is that in which he restores to their right owner, the celebrated 'Du Plessis Mornay,' those eloquent 'Contemplations upon Life and Death,' which are attributed in the original collection to Sir John Fenwick. (See p. 542.) The second is that in which he denies to Lord Strafford, on the authority of Somers's Tracts, the property of the following excellent verses, which are to be found subjoined to the piece last above mentioned, and there said to have been 'written by a very great man, and prime minister of state, in the reign of Charles the first, but a little before his execution.' The note, however, does not go so far as to establish the real author.

* We do not include among the 'annotations,' those short accounts of the particular pieces which are prefixed to most of them, and which are for the most part drawn up with precision and judgment.

'Go, empty joys,
With all your noise,
And leave me here alone,
In sad sweet silence to bemoan,
Your vain and fond delight;
Whose dangers none can see aright,
Whilst too much sunshine blinds his sight.

'Go, and ensnare,
With your false ware,
Some other easy wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light:
Rain on his head a shower
Of honour, greatness, wealth and power,
Then snatch it from him in an hour.

'Fill his big mind
With the vain wind
Of flattering applause;
Let him not fear all curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown;
But dream of something like a crown,
And climbing towards it, tumble down.'

After expressing very freely our opinion of the *editorial* faults which appear to us so conspicuous in this great work, and which, so far as they belonged to the original collector, we wish the present editor had applied himself to correct, we consider it as wholly out of our province to bestow any examination on the contents of so well-known and long established a publication. Mr. Park informs us in his 'advertisement,' that 'one volume will be published in every three months,' according to which it will take two years to complete the republication of the whole original work. After that are to follow, 'two supplemental volumes,' consisting of selections from the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum as well as of pamphlets *reposited* in Lord Oxford's library. When these volumes make their appearance, it will be our duty to notice them more particularly.

ART. IX.—*Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye. By James Wardrop, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Societies, and one of the Surgeons of the Public Dispensary of Edinburgh. Illustrated by Plates.* 1*l.* 1*s.* 8*vo.* Murray. 1808.

THIS volume is the first of a very considerable undertak-

ing. The author proposes to delineate all the diseases of the eye. If it therefore be completed upon the scale, and in the style of this publication, it will probably be unique in its kind. For we must say, that the engravings for justness, expression, and beauty are admirable; and do equal credit to the art and the artist. For these the author acknowledges himself indebted to Mr. Syme, of Edinburgh, to whom he pays the well-merited compliment of having 'combined the art of the painter with the skill of the anatomist.'

It is intended that these essays (a term, by-the-bye, which we think very ill adapted to a systematic series of descriptions of diseased appearances) shall contain an account of the morbid changes which occur in every part of the eye. The diseases of this delicate organ the author divides into two great classes. The first comprehends those that are local, and which are very numerous, on account of the great number and variety in composition of the parts of the organ, and those immediately connected with it. The second includes the consequences of specific diseases, which have symptoms peculiar to themselves, whatever may be the structure of the parts affected; and which therefore attack indiscriminately and simultaneously different parts of the organ. Rheumatism, cancer, scrofula, syphilis, exanthematous ophthalmia, are included in this second class.

In considering the affections of the different parts, Mr. Wardrop professes to follow the divisions of structure of the body, according to the characters of the elementary textures of which it is composed, adopted by Bichât. His *Anatomie generale*, in which the principles of his arrangements are developed, Mr. W. characterises as one of the most remarkable productions that has ever been produced in medical science, and as laying the foundation of a new anatomy and a new physiology. We will not contradict these assertions, as we think it the worst species of bigotry to affect to undervalue what we are not thoroughly acquainted with. But we are indeed much mistaken, if medicine, considered as a practical art, can acquire much more from the scalpel of the anatomist or the reagents of the chemist, employed upon dead animal matter: and these we understand were the instruments made use of by Bichât. The discovery of the acid nature of the human calculus by Scheele was, we think, the most splendid achievement of modern chemistry, as applied to animal matter; and seemed to afford the best grounded hopes of a great improvement in the treatment of a most afflicting disease. But have we in consequence of this beautiful discovery advanced one jot in the cure? Certain-

ly not. What then are we to hope for from macerating membranes, or muscles, or cartilages, in acids and alcalis?

However, except in the flourish of his preliminary observations, in which a young author may be forgiven for making a little parade of his foreign and far-fetched learning, Mr. Wardrop seems almost to have forgotten Bichât's *Anatomie generale;* and where he has not, it is not very fortunately brought to the recollection of his reader. The cornea is composed of three *structures:* it is covered by the conjunctiva, which is a *mucous* structure; it has another peculiar to itself; and there is an internal transparent membrane which it seems is a *serous* structure. This gives occasion to three varieties in its diseases. But at p. 16, Mr. Wardrop acknowledges that it is often impossible to determine whether inflammation has its origin in the cornea or in the sclerotic coat; the *structures* of which are different; and when the cornea is wounded, both coats take an equal share in the consequent inflammation, by reason of their vascular communication, and, we may add, in spite of the dissimilarity of their elementary textures. The internal membrane or *serous* coat is hypothetically presumed to be the seat of its peculiar inflammation; accordingly system requires it to be regularly discussed: but practically Mr. Wardrop ingenuously confesses, that he has never been able to observe an instance with sufficient accuracy, where this inflammation took place.

This volume is wholly confined to the diseases of the cornea. We should have thought it more regular to have begun with the conjunctiva, the diseases of which are to be treated of in the progress of our author's labours. Whether the fashion of delineating external diseases is not carried beyond all reasonable bounds of utility, is with us very questionable. Who, for example, that has once seen an inflamed eye, can gain a particle of instruction from a drawing of one. Surely common sense suggests that drawings are only needful, where description by words would fail to excite a correct and lively idea of the thing described; or where it may be important to be familiar with appearances, which we have but rare opportunities of seeing; or where the appearance itself is singularly rare or curious. But to delineate for the use of a surgeon or even of a student, a common external inflammation of the ball of the eye, is a mis-application of genius and labour, as great as it would be to inform children by the same art, what are the flowers called daiseys and roses. We must say too that however exquisite be the skill of the artist, it is an absolute impossibility to express certain shades of difference, which it may be very useful to know,

and which may be learnt by a single glance of ocular inspection. Mr. Wardrop's first plate, which is intended to express the difference between an inflammation of the conjunctiva, and the same affection of the cornea, is an example of the truth of this remark. Notwithstanding all the words used by him to make us perceive the difference of the expression, we believe a great part would be unnoticed without the aid of the imagination. In the third figure, particularly, let the spot be removed, which is intended to represent an ulcer of the cornea, and we suspect that no one could guess whether it were intended to represent an inflammation of the conjunctiva or of the cornea. Let it be added too, that in real practice there does not commonly exist any difference in forming this discrimination.

This, however, is not to be imputed as a defect in the work, but as flowing from the very nature of things. Of the execution of the engravings we have already spoken. Of the part which immediately belongs to Mr. Wardrop we feel it incumbent on us to speak in terms of respect and approbation. His descriptions are clear, discriminating, full without prolixity, and minute without trifling. He has availed himself ofmany sources of information, little known in this country. Besides the works of Scarpa,and Richter, with which we are acquainted, Bear of Vienna, Voightel, Loder's journal, and other respectable authorities have added to his store of facts.

As the work is not capable of analysis we must content ourselves with a general account of its contents. They are principally comprised under the heads of inflammation of the cornea, pterygium; fleshy excrescences, pustules, abscess, ulcers, and wounds of the cornea; foreign bodies adhering to the cornea; ossification and speck of thecornea; staphyloma; alteration in the form of the cornea; effusions of blood between its lamillæ,and into the anterior chamber of the eye. It will be seen by this enumeration that he has avoided the numerous and minute distinctions which some authors have gone into. Their being drawn from accidental circumstances, and not from any specific differences inthe nature of diseases,instead of elucidating the subject, lead to erroneous conclusions, and render that which is in itself simple, involved and complicated. We must conclude with wishing much success to Mr. Wardrop's undertaking; and give our readers the following specimen of its execution.

'I have had an opportunity of examining two very remarkable examples of tumours of the cornea, which appeared at birth. The first was that of a girl of eight or ten years of age, on whose left eye

there was a conical shaped mass, the base of which grew from about two thirds of the cornea, and a small portion of the adjoining sclerotic coat. It was firm and immoveable, had a rough granulated appearance externally, and from its brownish colour did not appear to be very vascular. It was very small when it was first observed, and it increased in size in proportion with the other parts of the body.

'The second case I saw along with Dr. Monro, junior. The patient was upwards of fifty years old, and the tumour had been observed from birth. It was about the bulk of a horse bean, and only a small portion of it adhered, and seemed to grow from the cornea; the other part was situated on the white of the eye, next to the temporal angle of the orbit. Its surface had not the particular appearance, which was in the girl's eye; it was smooth like a pterygium, and seemed to be covered by the conjunctiva, having the natural colour of that membrane. But the singularity in this case was, that a considerable number of very long and strong hairs, upwards of twelve in number, grew from the middle part of it, passed through between the eyelids, and hung over the cheek. The patient remarked that these hairs did not appear until he advanced to his sixteenth year, at which time also his beard grew.

'Dr. Barron of St. Andrew's met with a similar case when at Lisbon, with the following account of which he has favoured me. 'The disease took place in a boy of fifteen years of age. It was a flat tumour, about one third of an inch in diameter with a perfectly circular base. More than half of it was situated on the cornea, and the rest on the conjunctiva adjoining to the temporal angle of the orbit. Its surface was smooth and shining, and from its centre grew two hairs, similar to those in the tarsus of the upper eye-lid. In colour it resembled the white part of the conjunctiva. It was, however, rather more of a pink hue. The disease was of five years duration, and it was, at times, accompanied with excessive pains above the orbit, and in the temple of the side affected.'

'Mr. Crampton of Dublin, in his Essay on the Entropeon, p. 7, also mentions, that he once saw a tuft of very strong hairs proceeding from the sclerotica, and De Gazelles saw a case where there was a single hair growing from the cornea, (see Journal de Medicine, tom. xxiv.)

'I have in my possession, a preparation of a disease of this kind in an ox's eye, where a tuft of black hair grows out from and covers about one third of the cornea, and some hairs are also observed growing from the semilunar membrane. A similar excrescence had formed in the other eye of the animal.

'Such tumours greatly resemble those spots covered with hairs, which are so frequent in different parts of the surface of the body, particularly the face. I remember to have seen the description of a very curious case of a child, where a tumour, covered with hair, appeared in the pharynx.'

ART. IX.—*An Essay on Light Reading, as it may be supposed to influence moral Conduct and literary Taste. By the Rev. Edward Mangin, M. A.* 8vo. 5s. 6d. Carpenter. 1808.

THE *light reading*, of which Mr. Mangin reprobates the pernicious influence in this ingenious essay, consists, as he tells us, of 'the ordinary contents of a circulating library;' of *novels*, *romances*, and *poems* of a *particular class*. The effect of novel-reading is rather accurately depicted than extravagantly caricatured in the following extract:

'When the female attains the age of seventeen or eighteen, and who is not born to the possession of an ample fortune, but destined to move in a moderate sphere; when her looking glass and her partner at the assembly have told her that she is a beauty; and when the fairy-tales have lost their zest, the novel is at hand. The fair student sees her own picture in the charming and sorrowful heroine; and very naturally tries, as far as it is in her power, to imitate what she admires.

'For a time, the result of this attempt is only ridiculous, and manifested by gentle symptoms: such as a prodigious expenditure of tears and muslin, writing *billets* on green and yellow paper, fits of spleen, the composition of sonnets, and an invincible antipathy to useful books. Shortly after, the disease puts on a more formidable appearance: the young lady (whom we may suppose the daughter of a plain country parson, a substantial farmer, an eminent shopkeeper, or an officer on half-pay) ventures to wear a little *rouge*, and to concentrate the rays of her affections upon some youthful 'squire, ensign, or merchant's apprentice; whose attractions are comprised in a pair of white hands, a portion of skill in dancing, and the Christian-name of Charles, or Henry.

'Now it is that the poison begins to work; and several destinies await the lady; some of which she must choose; and the least formidable of them is not to be envied!

'Let us imagine that, contrary to probability, she escapes infamy, desertion, and despair; and, like another Lydia Languish, lives *to be called spinster in church*, and to become honourably a mother: and then see what has been her preparation for this momentous calling, and what is likely to be the consequence.

'For two or three years previous to marriage, she has moved amidst imaginary circles of heroes, nobility, and even of angels; in an ideal Elysium; where she has breathed none but vernal airs, and dwelt only in groves of immortal foliage; where all her nights glistened with moon-light, and all her days were sunny; where she has conversed with personages who, instead of resembling the inhabitants of this world, resemble nothing, except the silly fancies of the foolish or vicious authors of the novels she has been reading; and who sometimes know as little of the realities of life as she does; or knowing, designedly conceal or misrepresent them.

'It is, therefore, not wonderful that she should believe *intrigue* to be natural, *falsehood* and *filial disobedience* venial, and the passion of *love* absolutely invincible; that a *consumption* is interesting; and a *fever*, not a misfortune, but a blessing, as the bestower of enchanting weakness, and prepossessing languor; and that youth, and its concomitants of blooming cheeks, auburn ringlets, pearly teeth, and odoriferous breath, are perpetuities, not only to her but to her favoured lover; who is, like herself, an assemblage of perfections. He, we must suppose, in his turn, has received similar impressions by similar means; and having arrived at the experienced and sagacious age of one or two and twenty (when by the laws he is styled a man, though in truth at that period nine out of ten are sucklings as to knowledge of the world), makes formal proposals; and these two wiseacres are united by the indissoluble tie of marriage, without affluence, without erudition, without a capability of looking into the future, without knowing the characters and tempers of each other, without one correct notion of the important step they are taking, or of any other important step: in short, without a single *rational* inducement, and inspired solely by inclinations congenial to the young of opposite sexes; and these inclinations exasperated into frenzy by the perusal of novels.

'Without this latter circumstance, such a marriage (as society is constituted in these nations) is the parent of much public and private calamity. But the evil is greatly magnified indeed, when the circulating library has been the preparatory school. And I believe it would not be difficult to show that its unthinking and immature frequenters are they who commonly form improper attachments, and enter into the matrimonial compact, the most serious of any, before they know the meaning of a legal or conscientious obligation.

'For a week, or possibly a month after commencing the state of wedlock, the parties may continue in their mutual deception; but this being dissipated by intimacy, as it will most assuredly be, the faculty of discernment is restored to or acquired by both these victims of delusion. Each is surprised on discovering the other to be merely a *mortal*; reciprocal accusations of dissimulation and perfidy ensue, and are followed by dislike, and dislike by detestation: their asperities of temper are not softened by the imperious necessity of providing for the wants of children, whom they can scarcely feed; and (for obvious reasons) cannot educate. And thus we have two divinities transformed into two fiends, who propagate a race of sons and daughters—doomed, like themselves, to suffer future misery, and to inflict it; to encumber, not to serve their native land, and, imbibing the parental taste, to become, not the encouragers of useful arts and elegant studies, but of a tribe of illiterate and rapacious miscreants, who earn a livelihood by infusing immorality and absurdity into the general mind, and accumulate not only wealth, but celebrity, by writing novels.'

Mr. Mangin afterwards passes a few moral and critical

animadversions on some of our most popular novels, particularly those of Fielding, Smollet, and Göethe.

His remarks on Tom Jones are, we think, rather too fastidious and severe. The author cannot well deny that it contains a just representation of human life; that it is fitted to inspire sentiments of rectitude, honour, generosity, and valour; and that it displays much wit, humour, and erudition. But still Mr. M. asserts that these '*real or fancied qualities,*' are what 'prove that the novel is the more dangerous.' But we would ask is it the duty of the novelist to exhibit a just delineation of life, of men, and manners, of actions, characters, and sentiments? Is it not the duty of the novelist to teach us what we ought to imitate and to shun? and for this purpose is it not necessary to exhibit virtue in its loveliness and vice in its deformity? In furnishing a miniature picture of the world as it is, is no such personage as vice to be seen? Is the writer to describe only an Utopian representation of innocence and virtue? If we object to the novels of Fielding and of Smollet because they exhibit too correct a delineation of men as they are, and of life as it is, the plays of Shakespeare ought, on the same account, to be the objects of our reprobation.

We do not believe that the novels of Fielding and of Smollet, however loud may be the laugh or broad the grin which they sometimes create, or however disgusting some of the scenes which they describe, are half so mischievous as some of those novels which sicken with sensibility; and which instead of overflowing with mirth or sparkling with wit, abound with nothing but amorous incitement. This is the species of novels which tends to produce those deleterious effects which Mr. M. has described. Mr. Mangin says; 'that Tom Jones contains much wit, or that wit is the basis of its popularity, is, I believe not a fact.' But if it be not full of wit, in what does wit consist, or where is it to be found? Mr. M. remarks that if,

> 'True wit be nature to advantage dress'd;
> What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

The portraits of nature, which are found in the works of Fielding, are not '*advantageously*' displayed. If by their being 'advantageously presented to the spectator,' Mr. M. means that no moral benefit can result from the sight, we may assent to the remark, but at the same time, we may observe that it can produce no moral injury where the mind is not previously depraved. Ostlers, innkeepers, peasants, gipsies, waiting-maids, servant-men, obsequious parsons;

village-gossips, &c. &c. are the persons who occupy a large space in the busy scene of life; and he, who describes life as it is, must depict these persons as they are. But if he do depict them as they are, but yet in such circumstances and amid such combinations as to make the representation interest and amuse, he does all that can be reasonably expected in this part of his performance. If wit consist in novel and unexpected combinations of thought and expression, Fielding has no common share; and though there is a sufficiency in the subordinate parts and minor details of his performance, yet there is even more and of a more refined and delicate species in the more elevated personages and more important transactions of the piece. The object of a writer of novels, as well as of a writer of plays and poems, is not only to instruct but to amuse; not only to render virtue lovely and vice contemptible, but to provide an innocent pastime for an idle hour. If nothing is to be admitted into a novel but that which is in unison with what Mr. M. calls, *mental dignity* and *good breeding*, the writer must forego correct and poignant delineation of manners, and abandon various sources of harmless merriment in a *naive* and vivid picture of the follies and absurdities of mankind. The writer of novels, if he were to be bound by such restrictions, ought not to deviate from the solemn gravity of the sermon-style; or at least he ought never to suffer the measured pace of the minuet to change into the frolic-step of the country-dance.

Mr. M. says that the humour of Fielding 'is unpalatable to minds not contaminated!' That the humour of Fielding is often mingled with grossness and obscenity his admirers will rather lament than deny; but there are in his different pieces much genuine humour and sprightliness which have nothing vicious and which the purest mind may delight to read. We will ask Mr. Mangin, ought the writers of novels to describe man as he ought to be, or man as he is? Ought all their characters to be fancied ideals of innocence and perfection? Is no part of the picture to be copied from the forms and occurrences of the living world? Are we ever so much delighted or instructed by the picture of virtue as when we see it contrasted with its opposite? If the characters of a novel are to be totally unlike any thing that we see among our acquaintance or that we read of in history, what benefit can result from the contemplation? The resemblance will hardly sufficiently approximate human nature for the purposes of practical imitation. If we exclude all vicious characters from a novel, we must lose all the benefit of contrast; and the absence of all variations of light and shade must deprive the picture of its most attractive charm.

We can readily agree that the novels of Fielding and of Smollet might have been perused with more probable advantage if they had observed more poetical justice in apportioning the reward of happiness or misery to the virtue or the vice, the merit or demerit of the individuals whom they describe. This they might more often have done in strict conformity with the probabilities of real life. From the operation of those general laws by which the moral world is governed, it is certain that in a great majority of instances, virtue must have greatly the advantage over vice. There may be, and there sometimes are cases, in which extravagance, thoughtlessness, and improvidence, instead of terminating in the ruin which they have a natural tendency to occasion, seem favoured by casualties, and become prosperous beyond the highest pitch of expectation. But no rational mind will calculate on such events; and he who is solicitous for the prize of honour, or of wealth, will, in the greater number of instances, find it most certainly in the practice of temperance, frugality, industry, and an undeviating probity. If Smollet had made Peregrine Pickle die in a jail, the event, according to the train of causation which we remark in his previous habits and excesses, would have been more consistent with probability.

Mr. Gumberland does not escape the animadversion of Mr. Mangin. He makes the following observations on Mr. C.'s novel of Henry.

'Henry is a fascinating publication; it abounds in passages of genuine humour; in the richest and most correct descriptions; and in incidents irresistibly pathetic, or replete with comic force: the author is a master, and touches every chord of human sensibility with a master's hand. But the goodly work is, alas! marred, and its efficacy counteracted, by its being interlarded with scenes perfectly inexcusable; and very unseemly, as the labour of a head white with the snows of time, and crowned, as it is, with literary laurels. The author of Henry might have lost somewhat of his popularity, but would not have suffered in his reputation, had that work never been written.

Mr. M. makes some good remarks on the novel of Charlotte and Werter, and on that singular progeny of foppery and bombast, called Vensenshon. We cannot resist the inclination to quote the first sentence of the latter work, as a striking instance of absurdity and false taste.

'The first glow of breezy morn crimsoned the eastern horizon; the light-grey mists retired abashed, or fainted on each spiry mountain, that towered its bosom to cerulean zeniths.'

The character of the hero is drawn in language *equally intelligible.*

'The lofty organization of his inward faculties, the just temper of his luxuriant, keenly-perceptive mind, revolted from every species of baseness, and spurned at each shadow of mediocrity. To soar, to tower immortalized on the annals of glory, was his inspiring, magnanimous goal.'

Arise, shade of Longinus! and behold another instance of the *sublime!!!*

Those novels appear to us to be on the whole the most pernicious, the pages of which sicken with a morbid sensibility. They encourage the hypocritical cant of feeling, while they harden the heart against the exertions of ordinary beneficence. We do not believe that Mr. Mangin outstepped the verge of life's extraordinary realities in noticing the following incongruity of character:

'I have known a man who, as a duellist and a gamester, had steeped his hands in the blood of more than three fellow-creatures, and, by his success at the hazard-table, reduced several to beggary; who by his arts had betrayed many females to ruin; by filial disobedience had deprived his parents of the repose and the reverence to which old age looks for its best earthly recompence; who by the ferocity of his disposition had alienated his relations, friends, and acquaintances, and acquired the hatred of his tenantry and domestics; who, although he had squandered hundreds from ostentation and caprice, never bestowed a guinea to relieve distress, nor heaved one sigh of compassion when imploring misery has stood within his view: and this man has often been seen melted into tears at the theatre, and still more frequently when engaged in the amusement of reading *tender novels.*'

'We can readily imagine that this person, in his youth, had imbibed his ideas of human life, both with respect to prosperity and adversity, from works of fiction; in which they are usually so misrepresented, as to causes and effects, that they bear no resemblance whatever to reality: and he who, as a stripling, could glow with sentiments of courage and benevolence, and weep over the woes of suffering worth, found, on stepping into the world, demands indeed enough upon his valour, his humanity, and his generosity, but found not the appeal made as his books taught him to expect it would be—No divine and spotless fair-one beset by ravishers, or buried in the dungeons of a castle; no princesses disguised in peasants' garbs; no pale incognitas in picturesque cottages or woodbine bowers; no romantic adventures to be achieved on Alpine heights or in Tuscan valleys! Is it then wonderful, that, with a mind unprepared by good education, and adulterated by one of an opposite kind, he should have continued insensible to the 'round unvarnish-

ed ale' of real misery, and deaf to its cries? Or that, unacquainted with the pleasures which learning procures for its possessor, *his* chief gratification should have arisen from pursuits, in which the most illiterate, vulgar, and ferocious, are most likely to succeed?

'To a female, whose earliest impressions have been received from novels, how surprisingly tame and insipid must real life appear, contrasted with her conception of it!

'Is it not reasonable to expect that her lot will rather be destruction than felicity; and that she has a much greater chance of becoming the wanton mistress of a profligate, than the seemly wife of a respectable husband?

'With a young woman thus prejudiced, what likelihood of succeeding has an honourable suitor, whose qualities of person and understanding are, in her eyes, but a degree less than *perfect*? Should a man *not of the first order of fine forms*, with fewer accomplishments than the hero of a novel, and whose Christian name should unfortunately be *Timothy*, or *Nicholas*, or *Daniel*, present himself to the sublimated nymph, he is scornfully dismissed in behalf of some well-dressed and flippant idiot, who, being an adept in the literature of the circulating library, can converse with the lady on equal terms, and is master of all the requisites that can constitute him the destroyer of domestic peace, but of none whereby female honour or happiness can be secured.'

Mr. Mangin bestows high encomiums on the novels of Richardson, but the highest on the Vicar of Wakefield, by Goldsmith.

'It would says he, 'not be easy to find, within the compass of light literature, any thing more perfect in its kind than the scene unfolded in the opening chapters of the Vicar of Wakefield: it abounds in strokes of humour and tenderness; and fixes the attention by a most affecting picture of a happy *home*, enjoyed by persons in the middle rank of life, citizens of a free country, and possessing competent means and innocent minds. The group of characters, their circumstances, and local situation are truly English, and could only belong to the enviable land within whose confines the scene is laid.

'In England alone, amongst the nations of the earth, could such an individual as the vicar be supposed. Idolatry, Mahometanism, and superstition have indeed their priests; and the minister of religion exists alike under the fervour of Indian skies, and in the twilight of Lapland; in the cloisters of Madrid, and the conventicles of Philadelphia: but England only can exhibit the original from which the inimitable portrait of Dr. Primrose is taken.

'He is drawn as pious, learned, charitable, hospitable; fearless in the cause of sanctity and rectitude; in affliction, at once magnanimous and resigned; in prosperity, grateful and humble; a most affectionate parent; and, as a pastor, almost worshipped for his virtues by the flock under his care.

'As a shade, to counteract the dazzling effect of so much excellence,

his learning is represented as not quite unmixed with inoffensive pedantry; and the awe inspired by his good-natural understanding is admirably tempered with a very endearing cast of simplicity; and the solemnity of his deportment relieved, by a well-managed introduction of comic traits.

'If any thing can equal this portrait of the vicar, it is the delicacy with which his story is related; and the art shown by the author in conducting thepersonages of his fable through various vicissitudes, without the least appearance of exaggeration or force. The reader sheds tears at their sorrows, and exults in their restoration to felicity: but the depression of spirits created by the perusal has in it nothing shocking, nothing disgusting; it is rather the '*luxury of grief:*" and the most unsullied chastity may, without self-reproach, smile at all the pleasantries of Goldsmith.'

Of Goldsmith who appears to be the favourite author of Mr. Mangin, he furnishes some few particulars which may beof service to the future biographers of that excellent writer and amiable man. They are communicated by Dr. Strean of Athlone in Ireland, who was formerly curate of Lissoy in the county of Westmeath, and one of the successors to Goldsmith's brother Henry, who is represented in the Deserted Village of the poet, as '*passing rich with forty pounds a year.*' Lissoy is said to be the place where the scene of the Deserted Village is laid.

'The poem of the 'Deserted Village,' took its origin from the circumstance of general Robert Napper (the grandfather of the gentleman who now lives in the house, within half a mile of Lissoy, and built by the general) having purchased an extensive tract of the country surrounding Lissoy, or Auburn; in consequence of which many families, here called *cottiers*, were removed, to make room for the intended improvements of what was now to become the wide domain of a rich man, warm with the idea of changing the face of his new acquisition; and were forced, '*with fainting steps,*' to go in search of '*torrid tracts*' and '*distant climes.*'

'This fact alone might be sufficient to establish the seat of the poem; but there cannot remain a doubt in any unprejudiced mind when the following are added; viz. that the character, of the village-preacher, the above-named Henry, is copied from nature. He is described exactly as he lived; and his' modest mansion' as it existed. Burn, the name of the village-master, and the site of his school-house; and Catherine Giraghty, a lonely widow,

> The wretched matron, forc'd in age for bread
> To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread;'

(and to this day the brook and ditches near the spot where her cabin stood abound with cresses) still remain in the memory of the inhabitants, and Catherine's children live in the neighbourhood. The pool, the busy mill, the house where '*nut-brown draughts*

inspired,' are still visited as the poetic scene; and the '*hawthorn-bush,*' growing in an open space in front of the house, which I knew to have three trunks, is now reduced to one; the other two having been cut, from time to time, by persons carrying pieces of it away to be made into toys, &c. in honour of the bard, and of the celebrity of his poem. All these contribute to the same proof; and the '*decent church,*' which I attended for upwards of eighteen years, and which '*tops the neighbouring hill,*' is exactly described as seen from Lissoy, the residence of the preacher.

Mr. Mangin is not at all more indulgent to the poetry of Swift, nor even that of Pope, than he is to the novels of Fielding and of Smollet. He asks whether it is 'credible that any one was ever made wiser or better by the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard?' But is Pope, in this instance, to be blamed for not succeeding in what he did not attempt? and is he not to be praised for succeeding in that which he did attempt? His object was not so much to profit as to please, to instruct as to delight; and what poem is there in the English language, which is perused with more general satisfaction or more exquisite delight? In this poem Pope looked into the interior of the heart, and he has described its working, under the conflict of opposite passions by which it is alternately swayed; in which devotion strives for the mastery over love, and love over devotion. This for awhile ambiguous contest Pope has described with exquisite address; and we do not believe that, though the heart of every reader forcibly sympathizes with the heroine of the poem, any impression unfavourable to virtue is made by the perusal. Dr. Johnson was at least as sturdy a moralist as Mr. Mangin, and he has bestowed the highest possible commendation on this exquisite production. He has not censured what Mr. M. calls its corrupt and profane allusions; nor remarked, as he certainly would not have failed to do, if he had noticed any moral blemish in the performance, that the perusal of it has any tendency to vitiate the heart.

Mr. Mangin concludes his essay with some critical remarks on the poetry of Goldsmith, Cowper, and Langhorne. On the 'Owen of Carron' of the latter, he bestows at least as much praise as it deserves. We entirely assent to his commendation of the following picturesque scene.

'Twas when, on summer's softest eve,
Of clouds that wandered west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robes of night and day.

'When all the mountain-gales are still,
And the wave slept against the shore;
And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
Left his last smile on Lemmormore.'

ART. XI.—*Petrarch translated in a Selection of his Sonnets and Odes; by the Translator of Catullus.* Miller, Chancery Lane.

THE name of Petrarch, when considered as the restorer of Roman literature, will always be pronounced by every scholar with affection and gratitude. He was certainly a very considerable man: an elegant scholar, a sensible moral philosopher, and in the opinion of many a great poet. But on this last quality the literary world is divided; and while some extol him as the prince of the lyre, others describe him as a mere retailer of paltry conceits in tolerably harmonious verse. We certainly are not of those who hold the first opinion. We think that, regarding the sonnets of Petrarch abstractedly from the great name of the author, they are little better than what are written by many boys and girls who have learned to versify and to wail out occasionally 'fourteen lines of sensibility.' They abound in conceits the most unnatural and far-fetched: even in his elegiac sonnets his pathos is destroyed by affectation: 'he has a conceit left him in his misery, a miserable conceit:' he can still ring his despicable changes on the word Laura, and still be most sublimely unintelligible. We may consider Petrarch as the original of all those pretty absurd poetical paradoxes: such as, a lady's breast being as white and cold as snow; a man burning with love and freezing with disdain at the same time; a man's heart being at once both abroad and at home, &c. In short he is the prince of poetical coxcombs: and if he had seen such names as Surrey, Wyat, Donne, Cowley, and others, among his imitators, perhaps he might have said with Lord Foppington, that he was proud to be the head of so prevailing a party. It is to be regretted that his errors should have had their advocates, their admirers, and imitators: but

> The name of Petrarch honours this corruption
> And chastisement hath therefore hid its head.

It was in allusion to such conceits as are above mentioned, that Chesterfield said in a vile pun, that Petrarch deserved his Laura better than his Lauro: but we should think that a beautiful and elegant woman was too great a reward for such an affected sonneteer, did we not at the same time recollect the many great qualities of Petrarch, which made him worthy of any woman, however gifted, and however accomplished. It is matter of surprize that the restorer and

admirer of ancient learning should have so little profited by the example of those mighty masters of Greece and Rome, and is only to be paralleled by the instance of Cowley, who, with the most enthusiastic veneration for the chaste and dignified Virgil, could write so puerile and conceited a poem as the Davideis. The love of the poet of Vaucluse was as singular as his method of expressing it; pure Platonic affection for the soul, unmixed with any base passionate fondness for the body, in which it was enshrined: for though he speaks in high poetic strains of Laura's bodily beauties, yet he betrays no unchaste rapturous desire of possessing them. Now, though this Platonism has found a warm defender in the sensible Gravina, yet we think it completely ridiculous: not that we are advocates for that love which Fielding wittily compares to an appetite for eating a fine piece of beef: but we do think that mere mortal man may very innocently and naturally feel desire as well as esteem towards an amiable and beautiful female. We are happy to be able to bring forward the testimony of one who was occasionally as great a Platonist and as conceited a poet as Petrarch himself.

It is Cowley who addresses the Platonists in the following lines:

> So angels love: so let them love for me;
> When I'm all soul, such shall my love too be:
> Who nothing here but like a spirit will do,
> In a short time, believe't, will be one too.

Again:

> Ye talk of fires which shine but never burn;
> In this cold world they'll hardly serve our turn;
> As useless to despairing lovers grown,
> As lambent flames to men i' th' frigid zone.
> The sun does his pure fires on earth bestow
> With nuptial warmth to bring forth things below;
> Such is love's noblest and divinest heat,
> That warms like his, and does like his beget.
> Lust you call this; a name to yours more just,
> If an inordinate desire be lust:
> Pygmalion loving, what none can enjoy,
> More lustful was than the hot youth of Troy.

We could also enlist into our service a long regiment of verses of the once celebrated John Cleveland of conceited memory: but as his muse is rather an indecent lady, we shall content ourselves with the following short specimen:

'For shame, thou everlasting wooer,
Still saying grace and ne'er fall to her.
Love that's in contemplation plac'd
Is Venus drawn but to the waist.'

We quote the above gentlemen in preference to more rational and better poets, because we love to see men who broach nonsense confuted by themselves.

Such is our opinion of Petrarch: but let us fairly state the other side of the question. His countrymen think him a great poet; and one of the most judicious of critics, Gravina, speaks of him in the following high terms:

'Ed entrando nel decimoquarto secolo ragioneremo principalmente del Petrarca ristoratore della lingua Latina e padre della lirica Italiana nella quale, secondo la facolta del nostro idioma, le greche e le latine virtu dal loro centro adducendo, seppe la gravita delle canzoni di Dante, l'acume di Guido Cavalcanti, la gentilezza di Cino, e le virtu d'ogn' altro superare, così nell' età sua, come nelle seguenti, nelle quali tra tanti a lui simili non è mai sorto l'uguale.*

Then he proceeds to ascribe to him all the excellencies of the best elegiac, amatory, and lyric poets, both Greek and Roman. It will be said, perhaps, that his countrymen are the best judges of his works: of his language they certainly are; but of his thoughts one nation can judge as well as another: for the ideas which nature suggests are universal and common to all ages and to all nations. We think that Petrarch did not deserve any translation; but especially that the present translator has thrown away considerable powers of versification on an unworthy subject. Indeed it gives no very favourable idea of the Italian poet when, out of three hundred and eighteen sonnets and forty-nine odes, even the partiality of the translator could select but seventy sonnets and ten odes: and yet every reader will think that he has taken too many. We shall produce a few specimens which, while they display the abilities of the translator to considerable advantage, will, at the same time, convince the reader that such sentiments did not deserve to be clothed in such respectable verse. The first, which we shall quote, is a mere

* And entering upon the fourteenth ceutury we shall discourse principally of Petrarch, the restorer of the Latin tongue, and the father of the Italian lyrics, into which having introduced all the beauties of Greece and Rome, he has surpassed the majesty of the odes of Dante, the pointedness of Guido Cavalcanti, the gentle elegance of Cino, and the excellencies of every other poet both in his own and succeeding ages, in which among so many who are like, there has not arisen one who is equal to him.

play of words on the coincidence between a laurel the tree of Apollo, and Laura the name of his mistress.

'O Phœbus, if that fond desire remains,
Which fir'd thy breast near the Thessalian wave
If those bright tresses which such pleasure gave,
Through lapse of years thy mem'ry not disdains;
From sluggish frosts, from rude inclement rains,
Which last the while thy beams our region leave,
That honoured sacred tree from peril save,
Whose name of dear accordance wak'd our pains,
And by that amorous hope which sooth'd thy care
What time expectant thou wert doom'd to sigh,
Dispel those vapours which disturb our sky.
So shall we both behold our favourite fair
With wonder seated on the grassy mead,
And forming with her arms herself a shade.' Sonnet ix.

The following is a pretty instance of that Platonic subtilty in which the bard of Vaucluse loved to indulge: to which we recommend as a motto what Gray so arrogantly prefixed to his two sister-odes.

Φωναντα συνετοισιν
Εις το παν, ερμηνεων
Χατιζει.

that is to say, 'Away with you, ye vulgar: I address myself to none but those who are as wise and enlightened as I am.'

'A thousand times, sweet warrior, to obtain
Peace with those beauteous eyes I've vainly tried,
Proff'ring my heart; but with that lofty pride
To bend your looks so lowly you refrain:
Expects a stranger fair, that heart to gain;
In frail fallacious hopes will she confide:
It never more to me can be allied;
Since what you scorn, dear lady, I disdain.
In its sad exile if no aid you lend,
Banish'd by me; and it can neither stay
Alone, nor yet another's call obey;
Its vital course must hasten to its end.
Ah me, how guilty that we both should prove,
But guilty you the most, for you it most doth love.'
Sonnet vii.

This is 'confusion worse confounded,' and 'chaos is come again.'

As to the following piece of mediocrity we think the translation quite as poor as the original.

'Yes, love, at that propitious time
When hope was in its bloomy prime,
And when I vainly fancied nigh
The meed of all my constancy;
Then sudden she, of whom I sought
Compassion, from my sight was caught.
O ruthless death! Oh life severe
The one has sunk me deep in care,
And darkened cruelly my day
That shone with hope's enlivening ray:
The other adverse to my will
Doth here on earth detain me still;
And interdicts me to pursue
Her who from all its scenes withdrew:
Yet in my heart resides the fair,
For ever, ever present there;
Who well perceives the ills that wait
Upon my wretched mortal state.' Ode x.

A waggon-load of such namby-pamby verses is not worth one farthing.

What follows is really so singular a specimen of versification that we extract it that we may have the pleasure of surprizing our readers:

'What should I do; what, love, dost thou advise?
Full time it is to die:
And longer than I wish have I delayed.
My mistress is no more, and with her gone my heart;
To follow her, I must need
Break short the course of my afflictive years:
To view her here below
I ne'er can hope: and irksome 'tis to wait.
Since that my every joy
By her departure unto tears is turn'd;
Of all its sweets my life has been depriv'd, &c.' Ode ix.

In the following sonnet, the Italian poet attempts to be playful and gay: it is we suppose in allusion to such as these that Gravina talks of his point and acumen: but such gaiety is apt to give us the spleen:

'My rival in whose face you've wont to view
Your own bright eyes, which Love and heaven adore,
With beauty not its own delights you more
Than all that's fair in mortal guise could do.
Its counsel, lady, which with cause I rue,
Compels me from my home so sweet before;
Unhappy exile! merit gives no power
To share a station occupied by you.

But to your glass if I transferred could be,
Not your proud image only should you see,
Becoming self-enamoured, to my cost,
Rightly reflect upon Narcissus' fate;
Both his and yours a like event await:
Although no soil has worth so choice a flow'r to boast.'

Sonnet xi.

The subsequent sonnet is one of Petrarch's best, and is of a higher strain. The poet regrets his time mis-spent in writing idle love-verses:

'Still do I weep the days that are gone by,
When sublunary things my fondness sway'd,
And no bold flight, though having wings, I made,
Haply to give of me examples high.
Thou who my impious foul misdeeds dost spy,
Dread Lord of Heaven immortal, viewless! aid
The soul that's frail, that has from duty stray'd:
And its defect O let thy grace supply!
Thus if life's warfare, and its storm I prov'd,
Peace and a harbour may, in death be mine:
Though vain my stay, I'll worthily depart.
For that short period ere I'm hence remov'd,
And at the last, extend thy hand divine;
Thou know'st that thou alone giv'st hope unto my heart.'

Sonnet lxix.

This is not the only instance in which the poetic lover of Laura laments his fatal attachment which kept him from better pursuits: he bemoans it in the sonnet which stands first in the book, and in another, the 48th, which is not here translated, beginning, 'Padre del ciel, dopo i perduti giorni, &c.' The least exceptionable sonnets are those written after the death of Laura. The two which follow are, in our opinion, the most pleasing of them:

'Ne'er did fond mother to her darling son,
Or zealous spouse to her beloved mate
Sage counsel give in perilous estate,
With such kind caution, in such tender tone,
As gives that fair one, who, oft looking down
On my hard exile from her heavenly seat,
With wonted kindness bends upon my fate
Her brow, as friend or parent would have done:
Now chaste affection prompts her speech, now fear,
Instructive speech, that points what sev'ral ways
To seek, to shun, while journeying here below;
Then all the ills of life she counts, and prays
My soul ere long may quit this terrene sphere:
And by her words alone I'm sooth'd, and freed from woe.'

Sonnet. l.

'Zephyr returns: and in his jocund train
Brings verdure, flow'rs, and days serenely clear;
Brings Progne's twitter, Philomel's lorn strain,
With every bloom that paints the vernal year:
Cloudless the skies, and smiling every plain;
With joyance flush'd, Jove views his daughter dear;
Love's genial power pervades earth, air, and main;
All beings join'd in fond accord appear.
But nought to me returns, save sorrowing sighs,
Forc'd from my inmost heart by her who bore
Those keys which govern'd it unto the skies:
The blossom'd meads, the choristers of air,
Sweet courteous damsels can delight no more;
Each face looks savage, and each prospect drear.' Sonnet lix.

But there is one which we think fully equal to the above, and of which we give a translation: not that we have any desire of measuring a lance with this translator, but we recommend to him, if he should print a second edition, to translate the sonnet himself and insert in his selection, omitting others of less interest. It is one of the sonnets written on the fancy that his beloved Laura visited him after death. It is the 243rd, ed. 1551: and the one immediately preceding is full as worthy of translation as half of the presen volume. For the sake of the Italian reader we will trant scribe the original.

'Discolorato hai morte il più bel volto,
Che mai si vide; e i più begli occhi spenti;
Spirto più acceso di virtuti ardenti
Del più leggiadro, e più bel nodo hai sciolto.
In un momento ogni mio ben m' hai tollo;
Posto hai silentio à più soavi accenti,
Che mai s'udiro; e me pien di lamenti:
Quant' io veggio, m' è noia; e quant' io ascolto.
Ben torna à consolar tanto dolore
Madonna, ove pietà la riconduce;
Ne trovo in questa vita altro soccorso;
E se com' ella parla, e come luce,
Ridir potessi; accenderci d'amore
Non dico d'huom, un cor di tigre, ò d'orso.'

Here follows our very inadequate version: for notwithstanding all his conceits and nonsense, there is a beauty in the diction of Petrarch which is not easily imitated, and which indeed almost defies translation.

'Death with unpitying hand hath dar'd destroy
The loveliest face; and quench'd the brightest eye:
And from the fairest form dislodged bade fly
A gen'rous soul with no impure alloy.

Fled in one moment all my earthly joy:
Hush't is her voice of sweetest minstrelsy:
And I alas! remain to weep, to sigh;
For all I see, and all I hear, annoy.
But she returns to sooth my deep distress,
And soft-ey'd Pity guides her steps the while:
This sole delight in life's sojourn I prove;
Could I describe her voice, her beamy smile,
Not man alone would the soft power confess,
But the fell tiger's heart would melt with love!'

Upon the whole we regret that the translator has wasted his time and talents on the bard of Sorga. There are several Roman poets who have never been translated in a manner worthy of them. We should rejoice to hear that the translator was dedicating his abilities to the pure Roman muses of old time, and not to the coquettish and affected dames of modern Italy. We allude here to the Petrarchs and Guanis, not to the grand commanding genius of Dante, Ariosto, and Tasso, who may justly rank with the most illustrious of ancient or modern bards.

To the translation are subjoined some very pleasing notes, which show that the author is well read in those critics who thought it worth their while to attempt to explain those difficulties in Petrarch which it is more than probable he could not have explained himself: like the famous Lopez de Vega, who, when one of his sonnets was shewn to him some time after it was written, having read it over with considerable attention, frankly confessed that he could not understand it himself.

We cannot conclude without expressing our decided contempt for the prevailing fashion of printing title-pages. Why in the name of good sense are they to be diversified with black and red? and why is the recommendatory sonnet to be printed in black-letter, because it was written near three centuries ago? Is it to please the tasteful eye of the gentleman to whom the book is dedicated? But if he must have black-letter why do it by halves? Why not print the whole volume in that venerable and old-fashioned character? If this were done, heavens! how would the mouths and eyes of certain gentlemen water! No cat at the sight of a mouse, no old debauchee at the view of a pretty nymph, would express such rapturous emotions as these gentlemen at the appearance of a modern book, all in black-letter. We hope, however, that there are not many who are ready to pander for this their inordinate desire: and we exhort them who are intoxicated with the love of the sable beauties of

our ancestors' typography, to exert their endeavours to subdue their unnatural affection, and to return to sobriety and reason. To be serious: We have all due respect towards the black-letter scholars for the information which they so frequently give: but let them not introduce their fantastic and disgusting fopperies to disfigure the uniformity of modern printing.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 12.—*A Letter to a Barrister, in Reply to the second Part of his Hints to the Public and the Legislature, on the Nature and Effect of Evangelical Preaching. By Robert Hawker, D. D. Vicar of Charles, Plymouth.* 2*s.* 6*d.* Williams *and* Smith.

THE doctor begins his letter with the following *elegant* sentence: 'I have this moment heard the second blast of your *horn*, and hasten to meet you in the field of battle.'—The doctor as usual displays a very small share of learning, but a very large stock of self-sufficiency in this encounter with his adversary. He makes a number of desultory observations on the arguments of the barrister; and he presses various scattered texts of scripture into his service, which he explains in his own way, and then sounds the *Io Pæan* of *evangelical* presumption. We have delivered our sentiments so fully on the first and second part of the Barrister's Hints (see C. R. for February and August 1808,) that we shall not waste the time of the reader, by showing the numerous instances of conceit, of arrogance, and of ignorance which the vicar of Charles has evinced in the present publication. Religious controversy is at best but an unprofitable thing; but in the hands of Dr. Hawker and others of the evangelical school, whose minds are not penetrated even by a single ray of biblical criticism, it is beneath contempt.

ART. 13.—*An Address delivered at Worship-street, October* 2, 1808, *upon the Baptism, by Immersion, of Mr. Isaac Littleter, one of the Israelitish Nation, on his Profession of Christianity: to which is prefixed, an Account of his Conversion. By John Evans, A.M.* 8*vo.* 1*s.* Sherwood. 1808.

MR. Evans tells us in his preface that he 'lately published a sermon, entitled '*The propriety of the time of Christ's appearance in the world;*' which was preached on the 23d of May last, upon the opening of a new place of worship at Cranbrook, in Kent.'

'This sermon,' says Mr. Evans, 'happened to fall into the hands of Mr. Isaac Littleter, an English Jew, about fifty years of age, who had for these two years past been studying the prophecies relative to the coming of the Messiah. He immediately requested an interview with the author, when a conversation took place on the subject. He stated that the prophecies concerning Christ, especially the *seventy weeks*, were specific, and admitted of no evasion. Nor should this circumstance create any surprise, for according to Josephus—" Daniel not only foretold things to come, as did the other prophets, but he specified *the time* when those very things should happen," and this leads to greater certainty. He then added that the sermon he had perused, having nothing in it inconsistent with *the Divine Unity*, had settled his mind, and therefore he wished the author to baptise him into the Christian faith. He observed that having occasionally frequented Christian places of worship, he found their doctrine of *the plurality of persons* in the Deity, destructive of the Divine Unity, and could not before think of embracing Christianity: adding with an emphasis, that 'the Unity of God is as much the doctrine of the New, as it is of the Old Testament."

Mr. Littleter was accordingly baptized by Mr. Evans, who may claim the rare merit of having made a Christian of a Jew. We shall not, at present, examine Mr. Evans's mode of explaining the prophecies of the Old Testament; but we cannot refrain from remarking the insuperable impediment which is placed in the way of the propagation of Christianity not only among Jews but among Turks and Mahometans, by what is called the doctrine of the Trinity. That doctrine is so contrary not only to the Old and New Testament-scriptures, but to the unprejudiced reason of man under every system, that those who inculcate it as one of the essentials of the gospel seem to take no small pains to prove Christianity to be false by thus foolishly identifying it with what cannot be true. We do not know, nor do we presume to enquire, what are the theological tenets of Mr. Evans, but it is evident that he is not an advocate for a *plurality of persons* in the godhead, or he would not have made a convert of Mr. Littleter. We hope that Mr. Littleter will have ability sufficient to persuade many of his sordid and narrow-minded brethren to relinquish the ceremonial law of Moses for the universal benevolence which is inculcated in the system of Jesus. We have on other occasions commended the theological labours of Mr. Evans; and we cannot but wish that every minister of the gospel were equally earnest in diffusing its genuine spirit, and impressing its important truths.

ART. 14.—*Natural Theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, from his Works of Creation; arranged in a popular Way for Youth. By William Enfield, M. A. Author of Elements of Natural Philosophy, Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, &c.* 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* Tegg. 1808.

THIS is a pleasing and instructive publication, which is well cal-

culated to impress the minds of youth with a conviction of, and with a veneration and a love for, the sublime and amiable attributes of the Deity.

ART. 15.—*The Sunday Lessons, for Morning and Evening Service throughout the Year, with those for Christmas Day and Good Friday, illustrated by a perpetual Commentary, Notes, and an Index. Part I. containing the first Lessons.* 12mo. Baldwin.

THE intention of this work, the author tells us, is to furnish a perpetual comment on the lessons of the Old and New Testaments, which are appointed to be read on Sunday, in the service of the establishment. Mr. Weston has given a concise, but for the most part luminous explanation of every passage that seemed likely to impede the progress of the biblical student, 'arising either from transposition of words, inversion of phrases, oriental custom, or the use of the Chaldee, Arabic, or Syriac dialects.' Mr. W. appears a judicious and learned theologue. We will give two specimens of his notes.

'Gen. vi. 3.—*And the Lord said, My spirit shall not always strive with man.*—Others, as Geddes, *pronounce judgment against mankind*, but equally wrong with our own version. The word is most probably *dwell* in man continually, because he is flesh, and subject to corruption, yet he shall live an hundred and twenty years; the Seventy translate *remain*; and other versions in the same manner. This shews that the original in their copies was idur, and not idun, as in ours; idur is habitavit, permansit.'

'Joshua x. 12.—*Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon.*—That is in the Hebrew, Sun, be thou silent in Gibeon, and thou, moon, &c. Dum sile, Σώπα, Aquila. Παῦσον, cease to shine, appear not. Symmachus. The Hebrew word means be silent, which in the heavenly bodies, is non-appearance, or absence. Lunæ silentium dies est interlunium, Plin. lib. xvi. c. 74. Per amica silentia lunæ, is in the dark, Virgil; when the Greeks sailed unobserved to Troy. Silentem lunam, minime tum lucentem; Politian in locum. See also in Deborah's song, where the stars fought against Sisera by not lending their light, and his army was driven into the brook Kishon in the dark. Dante says,

Mi ripingera là, dove 'l sol tace. Dante, Inferno, c. 1.'

These authorities show that the original might have been rendered literally so as not to render a miracle necessary.'

ART. 16.—*Sermons by S. Chartres, D. D. Minister of Wilton. A new Edition.* 8vo. Rivington, 1807.

A NEW edition! Credat Judæus Apella.

POLITICS.

ART. 17.—*An Appeal to the Public, and a farewell Address to the Army, by Brevet-Major Hogan, late a Captain in the Thirty-second Regiment of*

Infantry, in which he resigned his Commission, in consequence of the Treatment he received from the Duke of York, and the System that prevails in the Army respecting Promotions: including some Strictures on the general Conduct of our Military Force. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Gorman. 1808.

WE shall briefly state the substance of Major Hogan's Appeal without any comment of our own. If the facts, which he relates, be true, they will speak for themselves, and suggest their own inferences to the reader without our interposition; if they be false, we will not aggravate their malignancy by any invidious imputations.

On the 27th of May 1805, Major Hogan addressed a memorial to the Duke of York, stating that he had served in the army for a period of fourteen years, seven of which were passed in service on foreign stations, producing very respectable testimony to his character, and soliciting promotion. Before Major Hogan presented this memorial, he tells us that he had deposited his money for purchase in any regiment; and that therefore he asked no other favour of his royal highness than that to which he was entitled according to the ordinary routine of promotion. In reply to his memorial, Major Hogan received on the 30th of May 1805 a letter from J. W. Gordon, secretary to the Duke of York, acquainting him that his '*name had been noted for promotion, and that his claims would be considered on a favourable opportunity offering.*' Major Hogan, afterwards, on other applications, previous to the end of 1806, received similar assurances of promotion from his royal highness, and his secretary. In 1807 Major Hogan made a very successful display of his zeal in the recruiting service, according to the duke of York's direction to the officers of the second battalion of the 32d regiment, who were assured '*that their exertions on this occasion would not fail to recommend them to his Majesty's notice.*' Major Hogan, having added 155 recruits in eight months to the 32d regiment, and having complied with the wish expressed in the duke of York's circular letter, thought that he might with additional cogency renew his former applications. In 1807 he accordingly addressed another memorial to his royal highness, which was forwarded by general Ogilvie and accompanied by a very flattering letter from Lieutenant-colonel Power. On the 17th July, 1807, an answer to this memorial was addressed to general Ogilvie, stating as before that '*the name of Captain Hogan had been noted for promotion, and would be duly considered as favourable opportunities offered.*' Major Hogan tells us that he became 'indignant at the common cant' as he terms it, 'of this answer,' and that he sought and obtained an interview with the Duke of York in August 1807. At this interview Major H. pressed upon his royal highness's attention the nature and circumstances of his application; and stated that '*in the course of the time he had been* NOTED *on his royal highness's list, upwards of forty captains had been promoted without purchase, all of whom were junior to him in rank, and many of whom were not in the army, when he was a captain.*' Major Hogan tells us that, at the same time, he

informed his royal highness that '*other ways*' of obtaining the object of his wishes had been recommended to him; and that propositions had been made, for a douceur of 600l. to obtain for him a majority without purchase; but he added that, '*as a British officer and as a man he would not owe the king's commission to low intrigue or petticoat influence.*' The Major adds that the Duke of York '*seemed astounded,*' that he spoke not a word, and that he (the Major,) accordingly retired. The Major after this being told by his friends that he had extinguished all hopes of promotion in his military career sent in his resignation in the usual form. Major Hogan was to receive the sums which his commission had cost him, amounting according to the computation of colonel Gordon to 1,100l.; but in this the Major says that the 400l. which he had paid for his captain-lieutenancy had been omitted. On the evening of the first day on which the Major's pamphlet had been advertised, he tells us that '*a lady in a dashing barouche with two footmen*' called at the newspaper office for his address; and that on the following evening the waiter at Franks's coffee-house delivered him a letter which had been put into his hands by a lady who enjoined him to be careful in delivering it to Major Hogan, and instantly retired. The letter, which was thus received, inclosed bank notes to the amount of 400l. the sum which the Major had paid for his captain-lieutenancy, and which colonel Gordon had refused to allow in the sale of his commission. The letter expressed a desire that the Major would suppress the publication of his pamphlet, and promised that such suppression should meet with a suitable reward!!! Such is the sum and substance of a pamphlet which has made considerable noise and experienced a very extensive circulation.

ART. 18.—*A Letter to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, or an Exposition of the Circumstances which led to the late Appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple: and an Enquiry into the Question whether he, his Royal Highness, as Commander-in-Chief, or his Majesty's Ministers, be most responsible to the Country. By Thomas Hague.* 8vo. Horseman. 1808.

WE have read this pamphlet with attention, but have not been able to detect the '*exposition,*' which the author in his title page professes to exhibit '*of the circumstances which led to the appointment of Sir Hew Dalrymple.*' We expected that the author would have gratified us with some novel information on the subject, or would have unfolded some secret of the court, or some mystery of the cabinet, but all that he has told us is what every body knew before, from the communication of the public prints; that the appointment of a commander-in-chief to the army in Portugal was the cause of much discussion and great dissentions among the *higher powers*; that one interest was opposed to another; and that, at last, the conflict of rival claims was settled by a compromise which instead of one commander-in-chief produced a sort of heterogeneous combination of three. The author, who is certainly more lavish of his invective than his panegyric, pays however what we believe this well-de-

served praise to the Duke of Kent. He calls him a 'real soldier,' 'of solid acquirements and great intellectual capability,' 'brave, sober, and attentive,' and every way qualified to take the command of the army in Portugal. We are not, however, anxious to see any of the king's sons in such responsible situations; for who is to bring them to justice if they offend? The name of Lord Moira is said to have been passed over because he was an '*opposition peer.*' Other claims were forced to yield to the clamorous importunities of Marquis Wellesley. We will extract what the author says of the latter nobleman:

'Then were obtruded on the cabinet, the thunder, importunity of the arrogant despotic Wellesley; the marquis, in whom the sin by which the angels fell, rages boundless and eternal; he urged with all his volubility and vehemence, the abilities and claims of Sir Arthur for the command; the haughty and overbearing marquis continued peal on peal for three successive days; the cabinet were stunned, weary, and distracted by his applications; confounded by the miserable variety of shreds and patches, tooth-pick colonels, and borough-trapping generals, from which they were reduced to choose a commander; yet compelled to select. I pity ministers so placed. The fulminator was still heard in the troubled air of the cabinet—delicate nerves are shaken by a storm, they were *constrained* to hear, and how could they refuse the Indian Jove?'

Mr. Hague is not one of those gentlemen who are afraid of speaking evil of dignities.—The following is the *courteous* manner in which he addresses the Duke of York:

'Sir, under all the appearances of our degradation and disgrace, the people of England felt a comfort, that *you* remained at home; first, from personal affection; secondly, that if you had gone, gifted with *all* your *former* vigilance, skill and promptitude, we might have experienced, shall I say a worse fate—a greater slaughter? Our brave troops might have been compelled to evacuate Portugal, as they did Flanders. Spain might have been given to the enemy, as the Dutch Provinces were; or, as in Holland, we might have made a *capitulation*, instead of Sir Hew's convention.'

'I do not assert,' says Mr. H. addressing his royal highness, 'that you or the ministers gave a false character to get Sir Hew his place; but, I do aver, that if you, or they, had discharged a wise and just part towards the public, no man would have been appointed, unless he had established, by real acts, both his military skill and personal bravery. If a false character be given of a butler, we have a legal remedy against the promulgator. What redress has the nation, here? Who suffers? Do you? Certainly not. You continue to receive your parliamentary allowance, the King gives you £16,000 per annum, for your bishopric of Osnaburgh, which Napoleon holds, I suppose *in commendam*, or waits your father's *congé d'élire;* for I wish he may be as just a receiver for your father, as your father was for you. You take your pay as

Commander-in-Chief; all your allowances, forage for 30 horses; you have the first regiment of guards, 3 battalions strong; you are colonel of the 66th regiment, with 5 battalions; you are warden of the New Forest; ranger of Cranbourn Place and Windsor Forest; you have a house in the Stable Yard; you are debtor to the public £53,000 out of the £54,000 borrowed by you, before your creditors would permit you to leave England for Holland, in 1799. Sir, this *last* reason should restrain any honest man from thinking of going abroad *unless* he possess effects to pay his creditors at home, or by going out could gain an increased power of satisfying their claims. I trust, you can *yet* feel the influence of this observation. Sir, these diversified streams of wealth flow into your pocket, and by which you drain from the labour, the sweat, the intrails of my countrymen, a revenue of £60,000 per annum: you are *absolutely* encumbered with places, which have duties annexed to them, *absolutely* inconsistent, and impossible for you to perform, all the salaries and emoluments of which, would weigh you *down* with riches, if it were not for the ingenious method you take; the morning calls you make on Mr. Gray, the Jeweller, in Sackville Street, in your way to May Fair; if it were not for the *convention* you meet *there*, actors and actresses, play writers, wit crackers and would-be managers. I mean not to speak disrespectfully of the lady herself, nor of her guests; but while you have such an income, *such outgoings*, such revels, you can have little leisure to think of national miscarriages, disgraces, disappointed allies, and an insulted army, a nation up to the throat in debt, a generous, loyal, brave people, toiling to sustain their country, to maintain in splendour and high dignity, a most *numerous* royal family; a people now suffering every species of privation at home, and bleeding on every hostile land abroad, to support the independence of their king and state.'

Mr. Hague bestows a number of opprobrious terms on Sir Hew Dalrymple, which that officer, whatever blame may be his due for the share which he took in the convention of Cintra, does not appear to deserve. Mr. H. does not seem to have any personal knowledge of the character which he professes to appreciate. His stock of political information is small; but he knows how to supply the defect by positive assertion; his pamphlet contains a few strong and striking passages; it has more glare of metaphor than that of Major Hogan, but it is on the whole far inferior in point of composition.

ART. 19.—*A Statement of some Objections to the Bill as amended by the Committee of the House of Commons, to prevent the spreading of the Infection of the Small Pox. To which is subjoined, a Copy of the Bill. By A. Highmore.* 8vo. 1s. Johnson.

ART. 20.—*An Answer to Mr. Highmore's Objections to the Bill before Parliament, to prevent the spreading of the Small Pox; with an Appendix, containing some interesting Communications from Foreign Medical Practitioners, on the Progress and Efficacy of Vaccine Inoculation. By Charles Murray.* 2s. Longman. 1808.

A BILL was prepared, but not passed, in the last session of par-

liament, the object of which is to prevent the spreading of variolous infection. By the provisions of the bill all inoculation for the small pox is prohibited within the distance of three statute miles from any city, town, or village, which contains more than ten houses. All persons, inoculating for the small pox, without the distance prescribed by the act, are to have the words 'Small Pox Hospital,' or 'Pest House,' written in large letters in some conspicuous part of the dwelling. All persons taken ill of the infectious small pox in any city, town, hamlet, village, in which are ten houses adjoining each other, are to be removed to some convenient and proper distance, to be settled by a magistrate, and the house in which any persons are seised with the infection, or to which they are carried, are to be inscribed with the words 'Small Pox here.' All masters, mistresses, or principal occupiers of any house, are to inform the churchwardens or overseers of all cases of variolous infection which may occur in their family within twenty-four hours after their knowledge of the same. These regulations are enforced by suitable penalties, which it is needless to detail. Such is the substance of the bill, against which Mr. Highmore advances several objections; to which Mr. Murray has published a reply.

Mr. Highmore contends that the bill abridges the right of private judgment; that by its restrictions on inoculation, it will expose numbers, whose prejudices run counter to the practice of vaccination, to the casual small pox; that thus it will not prevent the spreading of variolous infection; that the vulgar prejudices which prevail against vaccination are more likely to be increased than diminished by all measures of coercion; that it will be impossible in the neighbourhood of London to find any space for the erection of pest-houses, which shall be three miles from any assemblage of ten houses; that the penalties proposed to be inflicted by the act will not be regarded by the rich; that its operations will be thus almost exclusively confined to the poor, and that the bill will prove at once nugatory and oppressive. Mr. Murray contends for the necessity of some legislative provisions to check the spreading of variolous infection; and adds, that some of Mr. Highmore's objections may be removed by the alterations which the bill may receive before it is enacted into a law.

For our own parts, we must confess ourselves friendly to some legislative prohibitions in order to prevent the spread of variolous infection; which ought not to be left to the wanton dispersion of obstinacy and of ignorance. A great evil must be allowed to exist in the variolous infection. For this evil a safe and adequate remedy has been found in the practice of vaccination. Does it not behove the legislature of the country to promote the adoption of the cure by every means which reason aided by philanthropy can suggest? Are the most beneficent and most enlightened discoveries of science to be rendered nugatory by a false delicacy of complaisance to the stubborn prejudices of ignorance and superstition?

POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Ode to Iberia. By Eyles Irwin, Esq. M.R.I.A.* Asperne. 1808.

ART. 22.—*The Stanzas of an English Friend to the Patriots of Spain.* 4to. Westley. 1808.

ART. 23.—*Ode Pindarique, adressée aux Peuples, &c.*
A Pindaric Ode addressed to the People, who are now groaning under the tyrannic and oppressive Yoke of that Scourge of Humanity the soi-disant Emperor of the French, occasioned by the noble and glorious Resistance of the Spaniards against the Ravager of Europe. Dedicated by special Consent to his most Christian Majesty Louis XVIII. King of France and Navarre. By M. Lenoir. 8vo. Dulau. 1808.

THE present state of Spain is well fitted to kindle the flame of poetical enthusiasm. The Muses themselves are determined enemies to all servitude and oppression; and the love of liberty and independence, when it has been generally banished from other bosoms, has often found a favoured receptacle in that of the poet.

We shall not attempt to appreciate the relative deficiency or excess of the *vis poetica* in the above odes, but shall quote the two first stanzas of each that the reader may have some opportunity of judging for himself.

'What swelling sounds of martial note,
To bold Finestre's strand,
Along Iberia's mountains float?
Touch'd by oppression's wand,
Those sounds from breasts indignant broke,
Which nobly spurn'd a foreign yoke.
And not, in vain, her genius calls—
From fam'd Seville, the Moorish seat,
To arms! to arms! the sounds repeat,
And Cales' sea-girted walls!
In ports, that guard his eastern coasts,
On bleak Morena's steep,
Where Diaz scatter'd turban'd hosts,
The peasant starts from sleep,
To fell defiance Gaul to brave,
And look for victory or a grave!
As when his ancestors of yore,
Rose sudden, with accordance dread,
Defac'd the plains with sable dead,
Or crimson'd floods with gore!'

'What cheering glance of heavenly light,
What joyous sound from Calpe's height
Through nations, waken'd to new virtue, runs?
The flash of Freedom's lifted spear!
Her voice, that Nature leaps to hear,
Since brutal force her sense no longer stuns,
But all her spirit glows in her Iberian sons!

Parent of Truth! and Glory's nurse!
Honour'd by foil'd Oppression's curse!
On Calpe's Rock exulting Freedom stands:
Her spear, like just Ithuriel's lance,
Touches the couching Fiend of France;
He starts, amaz'd at Freedom's circling bands,
And to Satanic size his lurking guilt expands.'

'Trop long-temps l'effroi de la terre,
As-tu, Mars, en de viles..mains,
Permis l'abus de ton tonnerre,
Exterminateur des humains:
D'un Monstre digne du supplice,
Ah! cesse d'être le complice;
Viens mettre un terme à ses fureurs:
Si la bravoure et le courage,
Des mortels méritent l'hommage,
C'est lorsqu'ils en sont les vengeurs.
Lâche assassin, dont la jactance,
Naguère, assourdissoit les airs,
Si nous jugeons par ton silence,
Enfin tu connois des revers.
L'amour sacré de la patrie,
Aux fiers enfans de l'Ibérie,
A donc fait entendre sa voix;
Ministres saints des Euménides,
Enfin de tes trames perfides,
Ils s'arment pourvenger les Rois.

'Déjà plus juste, la Victoire,
Fuyant tes infâmes drapeaux,
Sur ton Chef dépouillé de gloire,
Invoque le fer des bourreaux;
Et la voix de la Renommée,
Par toi si long-temps comprimée,
Plus véridique désormais,
Lasse de décorer tes crimes,
Dans tes projets illégitimes,
N'annonce plus que tes forfaits.
Qu'est donc devenu ton courage?
Tu fuis; vil oppresseur des Rois!
Le Guadalquivir et le Tage
Arrêtent tes affreux exploits.
Pour vous, Peuples de Germanie,
Quelle nouvelle ignominie!
Voyez! d'Austerlitz le Héros,
Désolateur de vos campagnes,
Aux braves guerriers des Espagnes,
Est réduit à tourner le dos.'

NOVEL.

ART. 24.—*Rebecca, or the Victim of Duplicity, a Novel. In 3 vols.*

THE Vicar of N——is a very good man, and so is the Vicar of Wakefield; his daughter Rebecca is lured to the arms of a seducer by a sham, and clandestine marriage, and so is Olivia, with some variation in the consequences; each lady is cast off by her admirer, and each of these good vicars seeks after their lost daughter almost in a similar way, and certainly with similar sentiments, and both of them are arrested at the suit of their daughters' seducers, and both of them thrown into confinement: so far the copy manifests its prototype most clearly; its intermediate and subsequent deviations from an original, which all have perused, admired, and remembered, and none, as it seems, more faithfully than the Vicar of N——'s historian, may by some misjudging critics be considered as a departure from excellence in pursuit of improbable fiction, trite incident, and bad taste; but we, who profess more candour than our brethren, having been highly *amused*, and *surprised* with the contents of these volumes, are not so selfish and reserved as to conceal our sentiments, and withhold our applause.—And who can sufficiently admire, and extol the fashionable philanthropy, and spiritual toleration of our vicar in favor of methodism?—but let him speak on this subject in his own person:

'Since neither my preaching, nor your authority, have been effectual to extirpate all the rogues in the parish, *I see no reason*, why you *or I should be angry at those, who voluntarily step in to help us in the work.*'

We trust this benevolent hint will not be lost on those for whom it is intended, and that *all the saints*, who feel the inward call, will descend from their garrets, emerge from their cellars, or start from their shop-boards or counters, and combining their efforts with the established clergy of the empire, hasten to improve the depraved morals of the times.

Nor are we staggered at the principles of the writer, when *he* or *she* introduces the following sentiments, as delivered, not by the most virtuous character in the piece.

'Observe the younger part of the holy brotherhood, *sons* and *cousins* of nobility: who find it convenient to fill a benefice themselves, instead of throwing *some hundreds away upon a stranger*; does not the whole of their conduct testify, that they deem the profession a lucrative farce; and nothing more.'

It seems to us hardly possible for any nobleman or commoner, after the perusal of this observation not to feel abashed at his practices in thus providing for his children and relations before strangers. Yes, sirs, you may send your sons to public schools, you may subject them to a long, a painful and expensive preparation in our universities for the functions of the ministry, but what of that? will

you be guided rather by the feelings of affection and duty, than the terror of the spirit, and refuse to *throw some hundreds away upon strangers*, when so many may be found possessing the true and only true genuine call, and more ready to receive than you, it seems are ready to bestow? If such hints fail to move you, the most powerful arguments must fail.—Still as the writers of *such valuable histories* are *sure to meet with their reward*, and an applause at least equal to their powers of invention, political research, and depth of reasoning; we studiously exhort them to proceed, nor to regard the sarcastic sneers of envious critics which may occasionally assail them, in their descriptions of *harbours* or *arbours* (for the orthography in these points as well as in *some others*, does not appear as yet properly decided,) but continue to adorn these retreats not with *lilacs*, which is of the old orthography, but with *laylocks* and other flowers of their own creation, but above all we request them to display hereafter, as they have done in this valuable history, not a few grammatical inaccuracies, because heedlessness is a proof of genius, and it will be no mean merit to introduce new idioms into our native tongue, and firmly to disregard the apostrophe of any snarler, though conveyed in their own language, p. 108. vol. ii.

How art thou fallen, Rebecca! Child of the morning.

MEDICINE.

Art. 25.—*The Fatal Effects of Cow Pox Protection: manifested by a Narrative of the Occurrences which have recently happened at Ringwood, in Hampshire.* 12mo. Hughes. 1808.

Art. 26.—*Hints for the Consideration of Parliament, in a Letter to Dr. Jenner, on the supposed Failures of Vaccination at Ringwood; including a Report of the Royal Jennerian Society on that Subject, after a careful public Investigation upon the Spot; Also, containing Remarks on the prevalent Abuse of variolous Inoculation, and on the dreadful Exposure of Out-patients attending at the Small Pox Hospital. By W. Blair, Surgeon of the Lock Hospital and Asylum, the Bloomsbury Dispensary, and New Rupture Society, and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and of the Medical Societies of London, Paris, Brussels, Aberdeen, &c.* 8vo. Callow. 1808.

WE really think that Mr. Blair has given himself much needless trouble in tracing the bitter contemptible anonymous pamphlet entitled 'Fatal Effects of Cow-Pox Protection,' to its author, the redoubtable Mr. John Birch. The ideas of this latter gentleman are truly singular, and worthy of a strenuous anti-vaccinist; when he publishes *opinions*, which must stand or fall by their intrinsic merit, he affixes his name to them; but when he states facts, (or what he would have pass for such,) he withholds it, the credibility of which depends on the authority of the narrator. Excellent logician! The vaccinists may well tremble for the reputation of their favourite project, when they are opposed by one with so clear a head, and so tender a heart!

The truth with regard to the supposed failures of vaccination at Ringwood appears to be this. In September and October, 1807,

the small pox was introduced into the place, and the infection was diffused both by inoculation and by contagion. Of two thousand persons, very few would submit to vaccination, which did not commence till the contagion had been widely diffused. In some who were vaccinated, the small pox appeared in consequence of previous infection. In others the vaccine disease was not excited; some of the matter employed was probably defective, and there seems to have been mismanagement in the mode of its application. But those who regularly went through the disease received a perfect protection from the small pox. The number of these was above two hundred. It is well worthy of observation, that one of the surgeons of the place had previously formed an unfavourable opinion of vaccination; but from his observation of its efficacy on this occasion, he became a complete convert to the practice, and has stood forward most virtuously in its defence.

The fatality from small pox at Ringwood was much greater than is commonly estimated. One in six from the natural infection, and one in three hundred from inoculation is the proportion of deaths which has been thought to be near the truth. But at Ringwood, Mr. Blair informs us 'nearly *half* of those died, who had the small pox naturally; and more than an eightieth part of the inoculated patients.'

Some strong evidence is here given concerning the occurrence of variolous symptoms twice in the same person by the Ringwood practitioners. Each of these gentlemen asserts that about one in a hundred of his patients 'took the confluent small pox after an interval of three, four, and five weeks subsequently to effectual inoculation, which had been attended with both local and constitutional symptoms.' We must pause, however, before we can attach implicit confidence to this calculation. We can hardly think that insecurity of so extraordinary a magnitude, if it were universal, could have escaped universal notice. However, many similar facts still more unequivocal are recorded by different writers. Mr. Ring has published several in the Medical and Physical Journal. Dr. Lettsom has given an account of some others. It is therefore probable that such occurrences are not so unfrequent as has been supposed.

In the concluding part of Mr. Blair's work we find some very severe, but we really cannot say unmerited strictures on the conduct of Dr. Adams, physician to the Small-pox hospital. Would it be believed, if it were not upon record, that in the year 1807, 4594 patients had been inoculated for small pox, at that hospital? that of these 4246 have been sent into every alley of this crowded metropolis to disseminate this loathsome pestilence through the misguided and ill-fated inhabitants? Under the management of Dr. Woodville, the variolous inoculations were diminishing, and the vaccine increasing; under Dr. Adams, the talking, the theorising, and the publishing Dr. Adams, *the answerer of every objection*, the new practice has become uniformly retrogade. We wish we could frame in our own minds a proper apology for such glaring inconsistency. But we are happy to add that this shocking nuisance is at

length suppressed, not with the concurrence, but in spite of the opposition of Dr. Adams. If we are rightly informed, the public are indebted to a fellow of the college of physicians, who is an equal ornament to medicine and literature, for this happy change. It is probable that some good will result from the evil that is irreparable; for the change which may be expected to appear in the bills of mortality will furnish grounds for calculating the absolute quantity of destruction committed by the death-dealing lancet of Dr. Adams and his assistant. As this evil was at its height at the period of Mr. Blair's publication, we think the public are much indebted to him for the pointed manner in which he has noticed it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 27.—*Theodore or the Peruvians. From the French of Pigault de Brun. By E. W.* 12mo. Crosby. 1808.

THE original is well known, the translation contains rather too strong a taint of the French idiom.

ART. 28.—*The Practical Norfolk Farmer, describing the Management of a Farm throughout the Year, with Observations founded on Experience. Dedicated to Thos. Wm. Coke, Esq.* 8vo. Scatcherd. 1808.

IN this work we find, first, some judicious remarks on the utility of leases, which are certainly favourable to the interests of agriculture; a general account of the particular courses of farming in the county of Norfolk; and an accurate and perspicuous description of the different agricultural processes which are pursued in every month in the year. The author exhibits a clear and useful account of Norfolk husbandry; which may be perused with advantage by the agriculturalists of other counties, and may be even read with pleasure by those who reside in the country, and are fond of contemplating the diversity of its produce, and the continual revolution of rural occupations, without making farming their actual employment.

ART. 29.—*Fashionable Biography; or Specimens of Public Characters, by a Connoisseur: with a Preface and Notes Pantological and Pantogelastical.* S. A. and H. Oddey. 1808.

THIS is a vastly smart and lively satire, executed with much ability and good humour. Our lovely and modest countrywomen will do well to take a leaf from the part on Mrs. Fiske and her fashions, and to regulate their appearance accordingly. And our beaux and Bond-street loungers will, we trust, have sense enough to take a good lesson from the chapter on Mr. W*st*n, Mr. H*by and Mr. H*mby, boot-makers to his royal highness the Prince of Wales. That author deserves well of his countrymen who by keen satire and sound judgement holds up the mirror to the world and raises 'sly the fair impartial laugh' against follies and nonsense which alas! grow very formidable amongst our wives, our daughters, and our sons. Can we withhold our indignation at the sight of the

number of neatly-booted gentlemen we meet in Bond and St. James's street loitering away their time when they might be so much better employed in sharing the toils (and we hope) the glories of our brave fellows in Spain. No, we turn from the *pretty creatures* with pity and contempt; and request our fair country-women to endeavour by their conduct and propriety of appearance to call forth all that noble spirit for which Englishmen *used* to be so famed, instead of meditating the shape of a boot or the cut of a pair of breeches; we beg pardon, a pair of *small clothes, sentimentals*, or *culottes*, which ever our readers think best to read aloud.

Who can blame Mrs. Fiske? she is a very ingenious gentlewoman and makes ladies shapes appear to the very best advantage, at least to those who love to behold them like the admired statue of Diana in wet drapery, which is to be seen at Holkham the seat of that noble Englishman and upright senator, T. W. Coke, Esq.

We have in this volume, amongst other public characters, that of the ingenious Mrs. Fiske, milliner and dress maker, who publishes the Records of Fashion for the edification of the ladies. These Records are, with much propriety, addressed to the female nobility; and as dedications are quite obsolete an inscription is placed to her royal highness the princess Elizabeth. This inscription, as our author states, is vastly well put together, as we have, '*impossible to resist the impulse*,' with something about '*temerity*,' '*gracious condescension*,' '*accustomed lenity, wild wreath and mingled flowers.*' Next comes Mr. W*st*n, taylor to his royal highness the prince of Wales; Mr. H*by, and Mr. H*mby, bootmakers to the same illustrious personage; and Mr. O—k—l—y cabinet-maker and upholsterer. The notes are very entertaining and sensible; they shew much knowledge of fashionable life and considerable discrimination of character. Did limits permit we would insertfor the amusement of our readers, Mr. Diamond's *exquisite* dedication to the duchess of York; but we must spare room for other subjects of a plainer and more homely cast than that of this high flown gentleman. This author, in addressing himself to reviewers, begs them to suspend for a while their frown, and not to let their critical rods be laid with severity upon a back hitherto unstriped and immaculate. We have much satisfaction in reflecting that no authors, however anxious for or however indifferent of our good opinion, can say that we do not review their productions with impartiality; and hold all personalities as unjustifiable and ungentlemanly.

ART. 30.—*A Treatise on Telegraphic Communication, Naval, Military, and Political, in which the known Defects of the present System of Telegraphic Practice by Sea and Land are obviated by the Introduction of a numerical Portable Dictionary; calculated when applied to various described Telegraphs, and to the Naval Flag System, to be an accurate Medium of carrying on distant Conversation without any liability to Confusion, Error, or Mistake; with some Considerations on the present State of the Marine Code, and of Naval Signals. Illustrated by Linear Plates, connected with the new Telegraphic System, substituting on very simple Principles, a speaking in Lieu of a spelling Power, in different day and night, mari-*

time, civil and military Telegraphs. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Honourable Lord Hawkesbury. By John Macdonald, Esq. F.R.S. F.A.S. Late Lieut. Col. and Engineer, &c. 8vo. Egerton. 1808.

IN the present state of society, few sciences can be more interesting than that of telegraphic communication. To a nation which exists principally by its naval superiority, this truth is strictly applicable; as the fate of a war, or the subsequent conditions of a peace might greatly depend on a more or less speedy departure of a fleet in quest of an enemy ascertained to be at sea. The celebrated victory, says the author, obtained by lord Duncan over the Dutch fleet in the year 1797 is said to have originated from a telegraphic intimation that the fleet of the enemy was at sea. The swiftest express would have proved inadequate; and without the valuable aid of the telegraph this splendid victory might not have been achieved. Useful as this curious art is, it remains still in its infancy, and has made but little or no progress from the state in which it was practised by the ancients. The art was well known to the Greeks. A play written in the language of that refined nation opens by the descent of a watchman from a tower to give information that Troy had been taken. Colonel Macdonald it appears presented his treatise to the lords of the admiralty during the administration of lord Howick, by whom it was rejected, as being more liable to errors than the one at present in use; to testimony so much more competent to form a decision we shall not pretend to enter into any opposition; being also inclined to think that Mr. Macdonald had wrapped himself up in the idea of being perfectly original, and that the discovery of his mistake had irritated him to lay his treatise before the public, who cannot decide upon the merits of what they do not understand; or if they did, are unable to promote the furtherance of his design.

List of Articles which, with many others, will appear in the next number of the C.R.

Murray's (Hugh) Inquiries respecting the Character of Nations.

Lewis's Romantic Tales.

Penrose's Bampton Lectures.

Murray's (Alexander) Account of the Life and Writings of James Bruce.

Banks's dormant and extinct Baronage of England.

Jackson on the Affusion of Water in Fever.

A Picture of Lisbon.

Miss Hamilton's Cottagers of Glenbournie.

ERRATA.

In the C.R. for September p. 64, for 'dove-like Pride' read dove-like Bride.

In the October number, p. 129 for 'scale of English pronunciation' read 'rule of English pronunciation.' In the same page, line 12, for 'frame' read 'frank'; for 'sense, l. 18, read 'tense.'